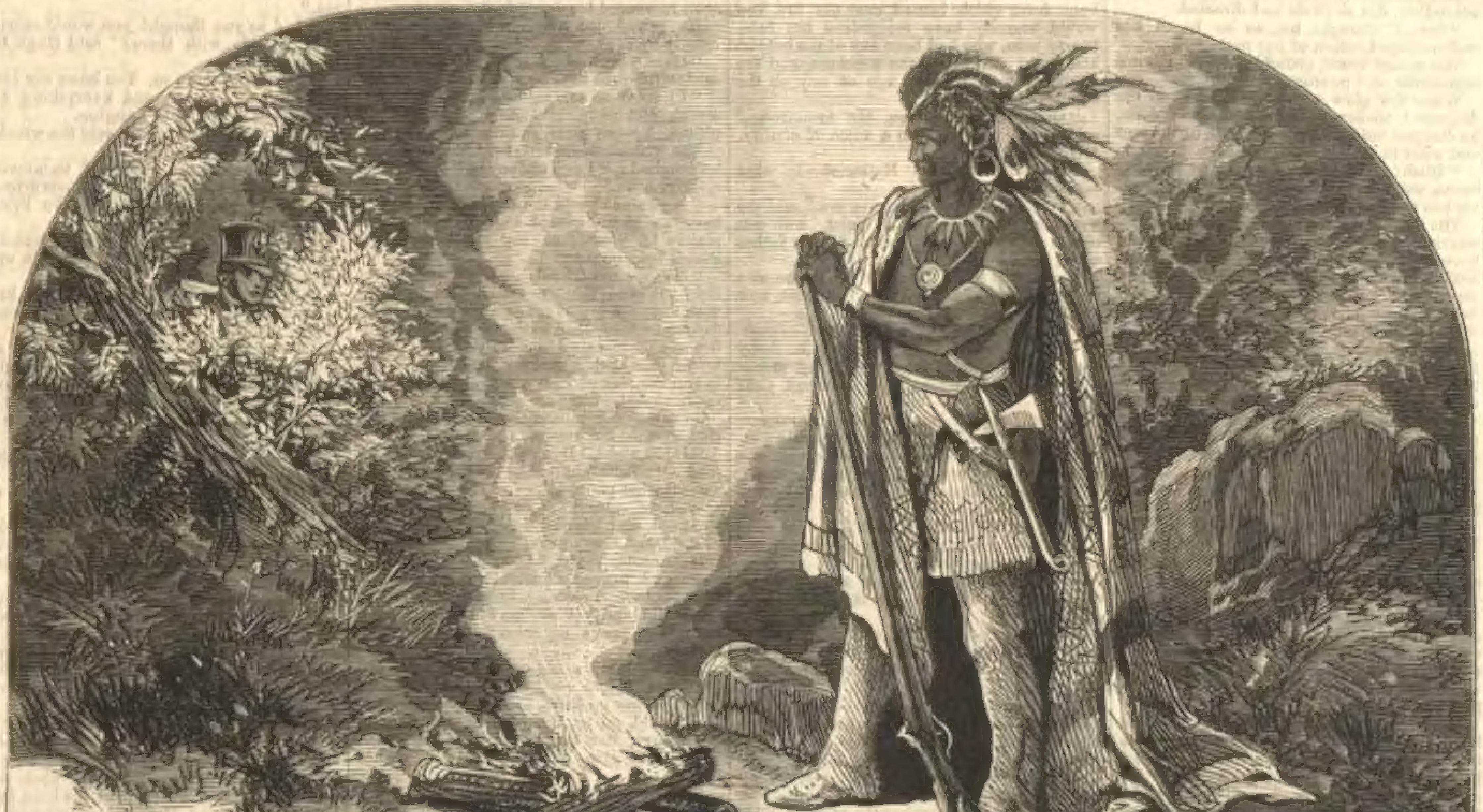
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1871.

Vol. LI. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871. TERMS {$3.00 a Year; or, $2.50 if paid in Advance. Single Number, 6 Cents.} No. 21.


MAJOR HALLOWELL CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF TECUMSEH.

THE PARTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

I.

Fare you well! and must we part,
  Never, never more to meet?
Never more upon my heart
  Shall your bright head rest, my sweet?
Never more your cheek touch mine
  With a lingering caress?
Never that low voice of thine
  Thrill me with its tenderness?

II.

Ah, the dreamy summer days—
  When I wandered by your side
Down the flowery forest ways,
  Where the babbling brooklets glide!
Oh, the thrush's passionate song!
Oh, the robin's joyous strain!
Never, through my whole life long,
  Will they sing so sweet again.

III.

Oh, the vows I breathed to you
  In the verdant forest old!
And you promised to be true
  Till your heart in death was cold.
Frail and fair, and false as sweet—
  Can I blame if you are so?
Ne'er again we two shall meet—
  Let me kiss you ere I go.

IV.

Let me kiss your dainty mouth,
  Where a sigh is lingering,
Sweet as soft wind from the south,
  When it wakes the flowers of spring.
Fare you well, ripe ruby lips!
  Fare you well, dark, dreamy eye!
Now I clasp your finger-tips
  In a long, a last good-by.

Skale the Scout;

OR,

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XXI.

HIRAM SEES A STRANGE SIGHT.

The bullet from the rifle of Hiram Skale met the already springing panther, and lodged in the creature's heart. The beast fell forward upon the body of the scout, but it was a dead leap—the cruel claws had no power to tear and wound. With a thrill of horror at the fearful danger he had so narrowly escaped, the wounded man—wounded as we know by the tomahawk of a savage—crawled from under the warm, bloody carcass of the panther that lay directly across his form. Close to the living heart of the scout was pressed the dead heart of the terrible beast.

"Thank God!" was the mental exclamation of Skale as he arose. "Thank God that my aim was sure. I never made so good a shot at so great a disadvantage before. What a hideous awakening that was! Yet hardly more so than the imagined presence of Alfred Carleton. A panther is not more merciless than he."

Knowing that the report of his rifle might attract the savages to the spot, while he was thus thinking Hiram was also moving stealthily from the scene of the startling encounter.

"Three times in a period of less than a day have I escaped the most deadly peril," he reflected. "Well, my life has been one of strange adventure for the last twenty years and I am getting used to it. It sounds romantic when I say that I have thirty times been brought to the very brink of destruction, and then thrown back when to remain a moment longer would be death; yet it is true; thirty times has the grave gaped before me, and yet I still live. Figuratively speaking, I must say," continued the scout, "for it's precious little earth I would have got to cover me had I perished either of these thirty times. Romantic! eh, my life? What does that mean? Romance is the most common fact after all."

Hiram could hardly have been considered a romantic character himself, but there was something about him strangely attractive. His language, when he was with his rough associates of the frontier, was sometimes inelegant, often rough like them, but never profane; when in the society of persons of culture it was usually correct, and frequently refined and eloquent, giving evidence of former educational advantages.

"I told Tom Williams," he thought, smiling to himself, "that I had passed some of my early life at a district school. I didn't dare to tell him more—he has such a genuine border contempt for books. It was my bringing up—*my bringing up!*—*that* changed me. Oh, what an angel *she* was. And she married me and went with me to the lonely settlement! How happy we were until disaster came. Oh, my dear, dead wife, is it *your* protecting spirit that has preserved me through the many perils I have met since I saw you last in the flesh? Sometimes I long to die that I may be again with you—*more* with you, I mean, for you are never entirely away."

By this time he was a considerable distance from the place where he had met the panther. His keen ears were on the alert to detect any sound that might indicate an unfriendly presence, and his rifle, reloaded, was ready for instant use. Ah! beware of Hiram Skale, savage beast or savage man! Love and hate are both in his heart; though his nature is not vindictive. Cross not the path of this strange woodsman, red rover of the forest! for many of thy race have fallen before his deadly aim. Let him pass in peace to the stronghold of his friends.

Hark!

Did not the report of a musket shudder through the forest on the still and darkened air? Did not the wild yells of savage enemies follow the signal shot?

"I must be very careful," said the scout to himself. "There seems to be some new alarm given, and it may bring greater danger to me. Morning must find me far from here, weary and wounded as I am."

He quickened his progress through the gloom, but as daylight approached, finding himself too exhausted to proceed further without rest, he sought a place of repose, and lying down, indulged in an hour or two of "watchful slumber." That is, he slept with "one eye open," his rifle by his side, ready for instant defence should he be disturbed by the approach of a foe. For fight or flight he equally prepared himself, and soft must be the footstep that could come near unheard.

Nothing occurred to break his rest, and rising from his rude couch he pursued his way through the wilderness, hoping to reach Fort Meigs before darkness came again. But Hiram Skale, though he chose a route to the besieged place less direct and dangerous than that taken by Earnest Hallowell, was destined to meet with more obstacles than the latter, who, striking boldly through a region of thronging dangers, had fortunately passed unobserved by any foe.

Skale was nearing the very ravine which had been the scene of Tom Williams's thrilling adventure with the Indians. It was full day now, and the scout was very cautious and watchful. He knew that the whole vicinity of the hostile armies was one of peril to whoever might attempt to explore it, for parties of the savages, and the scouts and spies of both sides, were constantly prowling in the thickets and ravines.

As Tom had done, Hiram noted the perpendicular, wall-like sides of the gorge, rising from the water's edge as if the hands of men had reared them. He was some distance above the point where the former had crossed, and he had therefore not discovered the landing that formed the threshold of the cavern in which the scout had taken refuge. But a not less interesting discovery was to be made by Skale. Coming suddenly upon a fresh trail, his first impulse was to fly from it instantly; but he observed that it led directly to the brink of the gorge, and as this so widened at the point where the trail joined it as to make a crossing, without a descent to the ravine, impossible, his curiosity was aroused to know the reason why such a point had been approached by a party desiring to effect a passage. He was too wary, however, to make an immediate examination of the spot, but leaping across the ravine, which a short distance further up he could easily do, he entered a dense thicket that bordered the hollow, and creeping to the edge of it, peered closely at the point where the trail crossed.

What was his surprise to behold, concealed from him before by the trunk of an enormous pine, a huge savage standing with uplifted hatchet, as if about to hurl it at some foe on the opposite side of the ravine. In making his detour, Skale had gone so far above, that other trees had intervened and prevented a side view of the warrior. Startled at having again approached so close as he supposed to mortal danger, the scout gave one quick glance at the Indian, and then silently raised his rifle. Not to fire, however, unless necessity compelled him, for he knew not what other enemies might thereby be aroused. Somethnig in the appearance of the savage assured the borderer in that quick glance that he was unconscious of the presence of the latter. Yet why stood he there close against the trunk of the pine with uplifted weapon, ready to throw it with the Indian's deadly aim. Skale was not near enough to scan the expression on the warrior's face, but he looked grim and hideous enough. Covering his heart with his rifle, the scout glanced even more keenly than before at the threatening form. With a sudden exclamation that came nearer being an oath than anything that had lately passed his lips, the muzzle of the gun was dropped.

The warrior was dead! Propped against the pine, his arm raised and secured in a threatening attitude, the whole figure the exact personation of a living man!

"Heaven bless me! what next?" exclaimed Hiram, almost aloud. "I came mighty near shooting a dead Indian. What does it mean? Some fantastic act of a triumphant enemy! Strange revenge, truly!"

Even while he queried thus, on the very side of the ravine on which he himself was, hardly a hundred paces below him, appeared a number of warriors, concerning whose animation there could be not the least doubt. They discovered the grim and striking figure of their slain fellow.

An expression of surprise, then of horror, then of rage, informed the scout that they had seen and comprehended the alarming spectacle; but by this time, he who had he been discovered by them, would have been thought the perpetrator of the ghastly deed, was hastening with the utmost expedition, consistent with silence, from the spot. Wild, revengeful yells soon told him they had struck a trail, his own, perhaps, and now the question of escape became a serious one. Without following Skale through all his experiences of danger that day, we will only say that he succeeded in baffling and eluding his enemies, and that it was his arrival at the fort that had attracted the attention of our friends, Colonel Westburn and Major Hallowell. They hastened to meet and greet him.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONSULTATION—INTERESTING CEREMONY.

"It is Skale!" cried the Major, recognizing to his joy the person of the daring scout.

"It is indeed!" exclaimed the elder officer, equally delighted. "Welcome, Hiram; we are very glad to see you."

"Thank you, Colonel, and I'm quite as much pleased myself," responded the borderer, heartily.

A vigorous hand-shaking and rapid and exciting explanation followed.

"Ef that ar ain't Hiram Skale!" cried Tom Williams in an ecstasy of joyous astonishment. "Give us yer paw, old feller, and let me feel o' yer scalp; I hopes ye haven't got a wig to take the place o' yer own har. All right, I hev to say; but how ye managed to come off whole, Hiram, ar what I can't understand. Why, I left ye dead and scalped myself."

"Oh, no, Tom," answered Skale, proceeding to a relation of the manner of his preservation.

"And what become o' the purty gal?" asked Williams. "Sorry to leave her, but thar warn't no use in stayin'."

"She was unharmed, and became once more a captive."

"And Isabel?" inquired Colonel Westburn and Major Hallowell together. "Have you seen or heard aught of her?"

"She was alive and well at the time of my leaving the camp. I saw her at the door of a tent, pale and anxious, as you may think, but not out of hope yet. Such a look as she gave me—for she knew me quick—such a pleading, praying look! as if she thought that I could help her, though I was myself a prisoner."

The father and lover were both powerfully agitated and distressed. The picture of their loved one, helpless and suffering, in the power of remorseless men, almost drove them mad.

"Oh, to be moving!" cried Earnest. Better any danger, or even death, than this inaction. Yet we are, I suppose, in a manner preparing ourselves to aid the captive. Hiram, we are about arranging a plan to enter the enemy's camp and rescue Isabel, if possible."

"Of course you are," spoke the scout. "Leastwise I am going back, and I know you, Major, will not feel like staying behind."

"You look almost famished, Hiram," interposed Colonel Westburn. "Come with me and have some food, and then we will consult in regard to the proposed enterprise. Come."

They went to the Colonel's quarters, where an abundant meal was soon provided for the hungry man, who had indeed been long fasting.

"Why, you are wounded, Hiram," said the officer, observing the difficulty with which he raised his arm. The blood on his clothing had been noticed at first, but it was supposed to be that of his enemies.

"Yes, Colonel, an ugly cut, but not dangerous. It bled freely, and made me weak. A tomahawk struck me as we lay near the scene of that awful butchery—Tom may have told you; it was a wonder that it wasn't my head, though a club or a stone or something did lay me senseless."

"*Your* experience since the shipwreck has certainly been the most startling yet," said Colonel Westburn.

"Well, I must say," replid Skale, "that it has been mightily of that order. I haven't told you the strangest part of it yet."

Thereupon he narrated his adventures in full since parting with Tom near the fatal field on which Dudley's men had died.

"Strange, very strange," mused his listeners.

"Who can this Liola De Verne be, I wonder?" said Major Hallowell. "And this infamous man who seems to be her special persecutor."

"It sounds a good deal like a fiction—all this"—remarked the scout, "but I've found nothing in this world stranger than the truth."

After Skale had refreshed himself, and his wound had been carefully dressed by the surgeon, a sort of council of war was held in the quarters of Colonel Westburn; himself, Major Hallowell, and the scouts, Skale, Williams, Brace, Wismer, and one or two others being present.

"It is of course a most hazardous thing to venture into the enemy's camp," said Skale, "but nevertheless it *can* be done with safety. I have gone into the heart of an Indian village, and brought out more than one prisoner, without alarming either dog or red-dog. We may be shot for spies, or scalped for simple enemies; but I am one to go to the rescue of Miss Isabel, all the same."

This was the unanimous sentiment of all; and it only remained to decide the manner of making the attempt.

"It's my opinion," continued Hiram, "that a few would succeed better than many. And my plan would be for three or four of us to steal into the camp, disguised either as Indians or red-coats, apprise the ladies of our presence in some way, and prepare them for whatever we may think it best to next attempt. I know the position of the tent Miss Isabel occupies, and could find my way there in any but a downright kettle-black night."

"It had been decided before you arrived, Hiram," said Earnest, "that we would leave the fort for the enemy's camp to-night; for as I have informed you, there is a probability of the siege being abandoned."

"The sooner the better, Major.

"But are you prepared to go so soon? Your wound—your fatigue—"

"Never mind that. A few hours' rest—and there's time for that—will put me all right."

"And your desire is to rescue the strange lady also?"

"Yes; Tom and I have promised her that; and even if we hadn't, you know, Major, that we couldn't feel honest without doing our best to help her."

"I know, Hiram, and I honor you for your humanity. And yet—"

"And yet," interrupted the scout, "you think, Major, without being at all selfish, that we had better not attempt too much, or we will fail in all. Just my views, exactly. One at a time and Miss Isabel first."

"I am glad you understand me, Hiram," replied the young man. "The mysterious Liola shall not be left in the hands of her enemies if we can be her deliverers, yet to undertake the simultaneous rescue of both would probably be to expose our own lives to greater peril, without any advantage to either. God grant, dear Isabel," he murmured to himself, "that we be successful, for I cannot longer endure the thought that you are still a captive. I would not return alive from this perilous undertaking if you must be left behind."

After considerable further discussion it was settled that Major Hallowell, personating a British Major then a prisoner in the fort, Hiram Skale, disguised as a Shawnee warrior, and Simon Brace and Tom Williams, both in their true character of scouts, were to leave the American camp the coming evening. Under his disguise as a British Major, Earnest wore his own proper uniform, for purposes that may appear hereafter. Brace and Williams were not to enter the lines, but were to remain just outside to act as opportunity might offer.

It was now near five o'clock. Skale had retired to refresh himself with an hour or two's rest.

But Tom Williams did not sleep. He was busy with thoughts of his own. He was determined at any hazard to attempt the rescue of the beautiful Isabel, and yet he felt very seriously the approaching separation—it might be a final one—from his darling Milly. She was equally sad in view of the peril to which her border lover would again be exposed; but she could not bid him stay, while her beloved young mistress was in such distress.

"Milly," said Tom "this har's about the most desprit job I ever did undertake, but I couldn't be kept back from it, nohow. Jest s'posin' you war thar, Milly, in Miss Isabel's place. Wouldn't I go for ye though a thousand tomahawks war lifted at me. Boil my—"

"Never mind boiling your bones, Tom. You haven't any idea how awful that sounds," said Milly reprovingly.

"Wall, wal, never mind then about that," continued the scout. I war a thinkin', my little gal, that ef I war to lose my har in this next dodge, that maybe it would be kind o' comfortin' like to you to be left—to be left—my widder, Milly."

"Oh, Tom! what do you mean?"

"Why, I means just this, that thar ar two or three parsons in the fort, and it mought be that amongst 'em they could marry us."

"What a strange way of putting it, Tom. But I understand you, and if you really think well of it, I haven't any objections that I can think of."

Tom gave his sweetheart a crushing kiss—not a dainty intensity, such as lovers' kisses it is supposed, usually are—but a resistless, overwhelming salute that rather astonished the maid.

"Never mind thinkin' of 'em," he cried. "It shall be while you're in the notion, Milly, for I'm most afeerd yet that some o' these younger fellers will take you from me."

"Well, then, make sure of it, Tom."

"I will," replied the delighted lover. And away he went to seek the parson. And he found him.

Every one, unless it was a few of the young militiamen in love with the lass themselves, thought well of Tom's proposed marriage, and in a short time the minor arrangements for the ceremony were completed.

"I have no wedding dress, Tom," said Milly in sudden perplexity, "I never thought of that. Can I be married in such a gown as this?"

"Sartain," answered the scout. "Other things makes up fur it. Jest to think o' it, Milly, ef we should both live, say twenty years or so ahead, that we war married in Fort Meigs durin' the siege. Oh! glory! he exclaimed with a new apprehension of the matter, "and Gineral Harrison lookin' on!"

"It will sound well, won't it?" said the bride elect.

As the time was limited the ceremony was to be immediately performed.

Reader! think not that it is a picture of the imagination that we are about to present to your view.

The officers of the garrison were apprised of what was about to transpire, and such as could leave their duties obtained leave to be present at the unusual ceremony. General Harrison himself entered heartily into the spirit of the affair, and was chosen to give away the bride.

The clergyman—a chaplain of an Ohio regiment, doing duty also as a volunteer, was ready. The officers and a large number of the soldiers were awaiting the appearance of the happy pair. Warlike were the surroundings amid which this simple, solemn service was to be performed. The guns of the enemy thundered away, far across the river and down the natural meadows of the Maumee. Overhead, the stars and stripes floated in the breeze, fluttering defiance to the foe.

A murmur of interest runs through that warlike assemblage. They are coming—the brave borderer and his pretty and blushing bride! She needed no gown of white for the occasion; the extraordinary and romantic circumstances of the case were ample atonement for every deficiency in extraneous matters.

They stood up; the bride supported by the gallant General, and the groom by Col. Westburn, and the simple ceremony proceeded. At its conclusion, with the pronunciation of the words, "I declare you man and wife," the guns of the fort, at a prearranged signal, thundered a shotted salute to the bride and groom, and the cheers and congratulatin of the garrison followed.

Tom felt the occasion a glorious one, and so it was. Not everybody could be wedded with such attendant honors and in the presence of such distinguished witnesses. It was well for the groom that he could not know that a future President of the United States was present, for it is doubtful that he could have survived the occasion. In after years, when—but we must not anticipate. We must follow the gallant groom from the altar (figurative) to the forest and the hostile camp. As darkness settled upon the fort, everything being prepared, taking a tender leave of his bride, whose tears rained upon him as she kissed his bearded lips,—in company with our hero and the others, Tom passed out of the beleagured stronghold to the boat that was to carry them to the shore on which waited the maiden to all who knew her so dear—to *one* of those noble four, dearer than life itself

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

It was the evening of the seventh of May. From the beginning of that month Fort Meigs had been vigorously besieged, and still the hostile batteries thundered against it. On both sides of the river were the forces of the enemy—British and Indians in about equal numbers. Camp-fires shone here and there among the trees, and over them in the fresh air of spring the light breeze wafted to and fro the sighing tops of hemlock and pine.

Toward this wierd and picturesque scene, thronged with a thousand dangers to the hostile intruder, our hero and his brave companions took their way. Every possible arrangement for their hazardous work had been made, signs and signals agreed upon, and with hearts beating with hope and anxiety they crept along.

Around the lengthened bivouse of the foe was the usual disposition of sentinels and outposts. There was even something more than that; for, in advance of any apparent line, were it possible for the eye to pierce the darkness, would have been discovered, both moving and motionless, the forms of many men in all attitudes of watchfulness through the woods. The deer and the panther, if such were near, were awed into silence by the mysterious presence of man, though it was the hour for the animals of the forest to be abroad and stirring.

Leaving the slumbering army in its stillness and security, masked in that mighty wilderness, let us take our position at the easterly foot of a long wooded ridge that swelled in front of the twinkling camp fires. A growth of pine bristled all over the elevation, making it a place of the most solemn gloom; a spring, gurgling from the place to which we have called attention, filling this gloom with the gentlest murmuring sound that could please the ear.

Near this spring for at least a couple of hours sat or crouched two forms—two breathing shadows—motionless as the trunks of the pines that towered above them. At last there was a slight movement made by one of them; he sunk lower to the earth; lay there for ten minutes, and then softly rose. A low clicking sound, like the opening and shutting of the pan of a gun-lock, could have been heard. At this a movement of the other figure might have been observed.

"A further advance may now be safely made," whispered one—no other than the daring and indomitable Hiram Skale.

"It is very still," replied his companion, Major Hallowell, "but the silence may be deceptive. It is time we were moving, however."

"Yes; it is near midnight. Forward then, softly."

Very cautiously the two men resumed their progress toward the camp, being now, probably, at the point of greatest peril, and anxious to leave it for a new position. Their halt had been occasioned by the supposed presence of an enemy in the path of their advance, and they had waited with extended patience to assure themselves that the way was clear. No obstacle was encountered until they had passed the ridge, and saw before them the almost smouldered-out fires of the army.

"Tread your softest, Major," whispered the scout, as choosing a thicket-bordered hollow that ran in the direction of the camp, they commenced to creep along the sheltering shadows that this low growth of vegetation afforded.

This depression, though forming an avenue leading directly past the enemy's pickets into the heart of the camp, unfortunately ran near a fire that was still kept brightly burning, though nearly all the others had been permitted to die out.

"Shall we attempt the passage," breathed the Major, seeing the advantage and disadvantage of the situation.

"It's worth the risk," was the answer, low as the stir of the air. "But watch sharp and be ready for any signal. I'll go first. They stole on, and were about of necessity to emerge into the glow that the camp-fire cast into the thicket, when they paused under the shadow of a mighty and low-branched pine, before venturing further. Suddenly a whisper of warning struck the ear of the younger man. He glanced forward. His companion had disappeared; but standing in the reflected light of the fire, he saw the commanding form of an Indian chief, who apparently in a mood of meditation rather than suspicion, had left his warriors in that late hour for lonely communion with himself. The Major was in the deep gloom of the tree, secure from observation by the savage, though the latter stood in full and bold relief in the rich red glow of the lively embers. A most picturesque and imposing figure he formed.

'Tis Tecumseh himself, I verily believe," thought the young soldier, as he gazed with admiration upon the noble and graceful form of the savage. Of remarkable height—faultlessly formed—a high, haughty forehead—a clear bold eye, though now softened in its expression—a slightly aquiline nose and a beautifully shaped mouth and chin—the whole countenance highly intellectual, dignified and full of character—he was an individual to arrest attention and inspire respect for the true natural greatness he evidently possessed. Absorbed in the contemplation of this romantic picture, our hero almost forgot his position and its dangers.

"It is Tecumseh," he repeated; "a nobler being than the Englishman who leads the white troops of this army, who boasting doubtless that he is the child of civilization, has less of real humanity in his bosom than this unschooled forest rover."

For several minutes the chief stood reflectively in view of his unseen watcher, and then turned, and without any suspicion of a hostile presence, retired in the direction of the camp.

"Hist!"

It was a whisper announcing the return of Skale.

"At the sacrifice of our own lives, Major, we could have deprived the Shawnees of their great head."

"It was Tecumseh, then?"

"It was, and my finger was on the trigger of my rifle, that covered his heart.

"You would not have slain him thus?"

"No; I only so far obeyed an impulse. I thought of you and Miss Isabel. We must be moving again. Come."

Again they glided forward, keeping as much as possible in the shadow of the thicket, and soon had the startling satisfaction of knowing that they were within the lines of the army.

How their hearts beat with suppressed excitement, trembling hope, and a consciousness of the deadly peril of their position!

"Remain there," said the scout, motioning his companion to conceal himself in the partial obscurity of a not distant natural covert, the best that offered.

A camp-fire smouldered near, but it gave very little light.

"I know the position of the marquee in which Miss Isabel was confined, and can perhaps be most successful in the attempt to release her."

"God grant that you fail not!" prayed the lover in an intensity of excitement.

"I will endeavor to bring Miss Isabel to this place. If not discovered until she is with you, I will resign her to your care, and if the alarm is then given, you must escape together, while I draw the attention of our enemies in another direction. Reach the spring, if possible, and Brace and Williams will then assist you. Good-bye."

Hiram pressed the hand of the young man, and then stole forward and in a short time, unobserved, was in the rear of the tent in which she was—unless, unfortunately for her, she had been removed to other quarters since the day she had exchanged that look of recognition with him who had now come to bear her from her prison.

"The difficulty," thought the scout, as he lay in the shadow of the tent, "will be to ascertain her position, and arouse her without alarming her guard. But a way must be found."

He was on that side of the marquee near which, if Isabel were within, he conjectured she would be, being the end furthest from the entrance, and most out of the damp breeze that blew from the south. Acting on this presumption he drew his knife and gently slit the canvass. Placing his ear to the opening, he immediately, to his great joy, though all was yet uncertainty, detected the soft breathing of a sleeper. Surely that gentle breath must be that of a woman. He listened again, more intently. The sound, though soft, was not regular, as if the slumberer was disturbed in mind by the recollection of some trouble or distress that during the day had been hers. This the cunning scout also noted, and accepted as new evidence that the sleeping form so near was none other than that of the beautiful captive, Isabel Westburn.

"Can I awaken her without causing her to exclaim?" he asked himself. "I must take the risk, though there is another pair of ears in that tent to hear, whether belonging to man or woman I cannot say. The breathing is coarse enough for a giant. It may be only a squaw, but they are sharp of hearing and quick to take alarm."

He then carefully made another incision in the side of the tent, near the head of the couch on which the prisoner—for such he was now sure the sleeper was—reclined. It is unnecessary to say that every movement of the scout had been made with the utmost caution, he all the while keeping a lookout for external foes, though he was so deeply interested in what was within.

Hiram Skale now set about his perilous task of communicating with Isabel, to inform her of the presence of friends and of the necessity for quiet and heroic action on her part. It was a most difficult and delicate undertaking, for a single outcry might arouse the guard and bring countless enemies upon him. But the borderer was as cool and self-possessed as if he were about to attempt the most trivial enterprise, not that he was unexcited, for his whole being was conscious of the awful danger to which he was subjected.

He put his lips to the ear of the slumbering maiden and whispered as in a dream: "Miss Isabel!"

Only a deeper breath, succeeded by a sinking sigh, was the response.

"Miss Isabel!" again he whispered.

She started in her sleep; her breathing for a few moments was inaudible, and then she turned wearily on her couch.

For some time Skale attempted nothing further. At last he "breathed her name again:

"Miss Isabel, awake—we are here."

A slight exclamation—a waking, involuntary ejaculation escaped her.

"Miss Isabel—caution—make no sound. We have come to rescue you."

She was on the point of screaming now, but checking the cry that would have been so fatal, she raised herself partly up, half-comprehending that she had heard something that was not in her dreams

"Silence," enjoined the scout. "Listen—we are here to help you. Are you bound?"

"No," she whispered, in a tremble of excitement.

"Who is your guard? And what is his or her name? I must know that."

"A single person—a squaw. Her name is Mekado. Hush! she moves.

A heavy pause ensued, lasting for a minute or two—the stir of the outside air, seeming more like a movement of the uneasy silence than a sound, was all that was heard. Skale knew that the captive could not long withstand the fearful strain of excitement she was now enduring, and the next step must be immediately taken. He feared to cut the canvas much more, apprehending that its flapping, as there was considerable air stirring—in irregular gusts, now rising, now falling into quiet—would awaken the Indian woman.

"Miss Isabel," he said, in low, spirit-like tones, "I must enter the tent and overpower that squaw. You cannot get out without disturbing her. I am in disguise as an Indian; do not be startled when you see me, for I must have a light. I will enter boldly, and by stratagem master her. Do not cry out, I warn you, when you behold me, for I look the savage to perfection, and will address your guard in the Shawnee tongue. Arouse the creature, and pretend that you must have a light. Courage, Miss Isabel, and you will soon be out of this."

The excited girl, commanding her voice admirably, did as Skale had directed.

"Good!" thought he, as he heard her well-managed action of her part.

The squaw arose, grumblingly, though unsuspicious, and procured a light.

When the glow within announced to the disguised borderer that this had been done, he stepped boldly to the entrance of the tent and went in.

"Hush! Mekado!" he said in warning tones, using her own language. "Your master has sent me for the prisoner."

The half-breed, seeing, as she supposed, a warrior of her tribe before her, and hearing herself addressed by name, although she looked greatly surprised, did not give any alarm. As for Isabel, warned as she had been against crying out when she saw her disguised deliverer, she could hardly repress an exclamation of terror as she beheld the figure of Skale advancing toward her. He looked the savage indeed. Before the Indian woman had recovered from her surprise—before her suspicions were aroused, the scout sprung suddenly upon her, gagged and bound her, being prepared for the work, and then extinguishing the light, took the hand of the almost fainting maiden and led her from the spot.

"Be strong, Miss Isabel," he said. "The Major is near."

"Earnest is near, do you say? escaped?" she asked in breathless eagerness.

"Yes, and waiting for you."

"Oh, thank heaven!" she cried in a joyous whisper. The mention of her lover's name strengthened her, and the new joy—the new hope drove back the reaction that was about to follow the great excitement she had been enduring.

They reached the spot where Earnest had been left to pass those painful moments during which Skale was to attempt the release of the fair prisoner. A great joy swelled the brave borderer's heart as he thought how successful he had been, and as he anticipated the rapture with which the lovers would meet. They reached the spot, we have said, where the Major was to wait. Great heavens! *he was gone!*

"Major!" whispered the scout, in intense alarm. "*He is gone!*" he groaned, hearing no response. "Oh, Miss Isabel! I left him here."

It was a terrible disappointment to the poor girl. Hope had just been so high!

"Something has happened to him. We cannot wait," murmured the scout in anguish.

What did it mean? There had been no outcry—no confusion indicating a struggle. Yet the young man had disappeared.

"We must go without him, Miss Isabel. I will save you at least."

"Without him—without him!" was her anguished thought.

"I will not just yet tell her that her father is safe," reflected her rescuer. "She cannot bear so much excitement."

They reached the ravine, up which Hiram and Earnest had crossed; they went silently and safely by the still burning camp-fire near which had stood the picturesque form of Tecumseh; but just as they glided under the gloomy pine an alarm was given in their rear, and, simultaneously, the report of a musket farther on, warned them that foes were aroused both before and behind.

"What shall we do?" was the query of the perplexed borderer. "Up into the tree, Miss Isabel; up into the tree till the alarm is over!" He assisted her to a seat among the broad branches, holding her firmly by the arms that she might not fall, for she began to feel painfully weak as he already suspected.

Fearfully now around them rose the confusion that attends the midnight alarm of an army. Past the very tree in which they were concealed went the unseen or dimly seen forms of their enemies. Would their strange retreat be discovered? Would they be forced to remain there until daylight revealed their presence to the keen-eyed savages? Fearful questions were these, and the answer could only be waited for in excited silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CHRISTMAS STORY,

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "DENE HOLLOW," &c.,

will appear in the next number of

THE POST.

☞ The Duke Alexis is said to be passionately fond of flowers.

☞ Skaters have already enjoyed a longer season this winter, than for several years past. The cold weather has been continuous, and snow has not covered the ice.

☞ The New York Times contained a brief article last week with the rather alarming caption "Prof. Doremus on fire." The natural inference was that the learned professor had sustained a serious misfortune while engaged in some chemical experiment. Happily, that was not the case; the professor had merely been delivering a lecture on the subject of fire, and had fallen a victim to a reporter lacking the sense of humor.

☞ It was so cold in Chicago last week, that the papers state everything froze up except the coal-bins. One editor says, "Our stove froze so that we had to soak its feet in hot water this morning before we could get it to draw."

☞ In Russia, people who are picked up on the highways in a state of intoxication are condemned, whatever may be their social station, to sweep the streets for one day—and it is not rare in St. Petersburg to see well-dressed individuals thus employed.

☞ Feminine waiters—Old maids.

Heathersley Grange;

OR, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A Romance of the Days of the Young Pretender.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH HUGH HATTERICK BEGINS TO USE HIS POWER.

Now that Hugh Hatterick was thoroughly aware that the secret of the murder on the sands was no longer one that could injure the Harbor-master, he was resolved, as I have before said, that his marriage with Violet Armstrong should be urged on as quickly as possible, in order that the prize he so coveted should not escape his grasp.

On the evening, therefore, following that on which he had read over the diary of his murdered brother, he put on his best attire, so as to take off some of the rudeness of his appearance, and made his way toward the house of Douglas Armstrong. His mind was now fully made up. He would marry Violet within a few days, or he would betray the terrible secret, trusting to the reticence of the old sexton for the safety of the real truth.

The Harbor-master was sitting with Violet by the fire, when he entered the cottage. He was getting quite the old, feeble, desponding man now. Six months had made in him a most terrible change. The constant, corroding remorse which was at his heart, was wearing away his strength; and in the thin, bent form which leaned over the fire, you would scarcely have recognized the hale, hearty man, who had been one of the boldest and most daring of the wreckers, and the strongest man for his age of any on the country-side.

"Good-evening to you, Mr. Armstrong," said Hugh Hatterick, in a voice of civility. "Good evening."

"Good-evening, Mr. Hatterick—in what can I serve you?"

"Very greatly you can serve me," said the wrecker, "very greatly. Violet, will you oblige me by leaving me and your father alone for a while?"

The curl of scorn upon her lip, as she rose to go, plainly told to Hugh Hatterick how gladly she fled from his presence.

"Ah! my fine girl," he muttered, savagely, as he gazed after her, "it won't be many days now, before I make you my wife—and then I'll find means of breaking your spirit."

He let not the Harbor-master, however, overhear his words, but conquering his passion as well as he could, sat down on the seat which the young girl had just vacated.

"Douglas Armstrong," he said, "I come to claim a promise of you."

"Indeed; and what is that?"

"I come to claim your consent to my immediate marriage with Violet."

The old man's face grew ghastly white, and he gazed upon the wrecker with a look of abject fear.

"Well," cried Hugh Hatterick, "what is there so surprising in that?"

"Oh! there is nothing so very surprising in the fact of your asking me," said Douglas Armstrong, "and it was not surprise that made me gaze at you in that way. It was terror at the idea your words conveyed—grief and pity for my daughter."

"Have a care how you insult me, Douglas Armstrong," cried Hugh Hatterick, "have a care. Remember the secret I hold, and which only a blind obedience to my wishes can prevent my proclaiming to the world. Remember that dark night on the sands, when your son was murdered by your orders, and in your very sight; and do not talk to me of being terrified at the idea of your daughter marrying me."

He paused to see the effect of his speech upon his victim. The Harbor-master sat very still for a moment, and then clasped his hands together appealingly.

"Go on," he said, "go on. You have me in your power. Oh, if it were but my wretched life that stood in the way! Oh, if I could but sacrifice myself to save me from this terrible wrong! But no; it is not only I who would suffer. I must think of the awful anguish of poor Robert's mother—the shame that would fall on her, on Tom, and on Violet. Oh! man of iron heart, tell me what sacrifice you will accept, and spare my child—spare her to the one who loves her."

Hugh Hatterick laughed in derision. "Give her to another! Have you forgotten the days when you loved, that you talk to me of yielding the woman I have set my heart on to another man? Are you mad that you use such words?"

"Not mad—not mad, though the consummation of this marriage may make me so," replied Douglas Armstrong; but, remember, the one I loved loved me also. I had not to force her to the altar, for she came willingly."

"Well, well, willingly or not, no matter," said Hugh Hatterick, "we are wasting time now. I intend to marry your daughter in one week from this, or *you* shall become the inmate of a prison."

"With you as a companion."

"Not so—not so. In this matter I have means of screening myself. I mean to hear you tell your daughter this night that next Saturday morning she is to be mine, or I'll send the constables here for you."

"Very good," cried the Harbor-master, a faint gleam of hope entering his breast, "very good, I'll go and fetch my poor girl down. Oh! Hugh Hatterick, if you knew what a villain you are making of yourself, even you would shrink from this action." The Harbor-master rose and left the room.

The wrecker made no reply. His evil heart was full of joy, and he felt that he had triumphed.

Presently steps were heard approaching, and in another moment Violet and her father entered. The poor girl was very pale. She never raised her eyes from the ground. Her whole person seemed impregnated as it were with deadly fear—fear and loathing—loathing and dread. The calm, quiet sleep of the grave opening out into eternity was something she would willingly have courted in place of the fate now in store for her.

Who could save her? Her case seemed, indeed hopeless. Henry Heathersley, loving her deeply, passionately as he did, could but plead and pray for her without giving her help. This man held not only her own person, but her father and Henry's father in his power.

To refuse to marry him would be to consign both her father, Douglas Armstrong, and Sir Digby Heathersley to a gaol.

She little knew that Sir Digby was already in the power of the law!

Hugh Hatterick smiled as she entered and sat down by the fire shivering as if with intense cold.

"Violet," he said, trying to speak in a gentle voice, "has your father spoken to you?"

"Yes, he has told me your commands," she answered, tremulously.

"And you are, of course, prepared to fulfil them?" said Hugh Hatterick.

"I am."

"That's right," said the wrecker; "that shows you to be a sensible girl—more so than I thought. Well, then, on Saturday next you will be my wife?"

"Yes; let me go now."

She staggered to her feet, and tottered helplessly from the room. Her father would have followed her to aid her, but Hugh Hatterick detained him. A sudden suspicion and fear had crossed his mind. If Violet were dead, she and her father, too, would be out of his power forever. So he caught the Harbor-master fiercely by the arm.

"Hold, Douglas Armstrong!" he cried, "and let yonder silly girl proceed by herself. I have a word to say to you."

The Harbor-master leaned heavily on the back of his chair.

"What more want you with me?" he said. "Have I not done enough? Have I not satisfied you? Have I not crushed the heart of the daughter I love so well? What want you now? Life's span is short for me now; let me rest in peace!"

"Aye," cried the wrecker, fiercely, "you have put the words into my mouth. Life's span is short, truly; but, beware that you do not meddle with the life of your daughter. She looked, even now, as if she cared not for life—she looked ill and desperate. Let me but hear that she is dead ere the day arrives which seems to her eyes so fatal, and I will tell the secret just the same. Think not to escape me by such means. I am resolved to have my way, and when Hugh Hatterick is resolved, *you* know that it is a difficult thing to change his mind."

"Mad wretch!" cried Douglas Armstrong, fiercely, rousing himself from his apathy, and standing boldly and defiantly before his foe. "Mad wretch! do you think that because my son fell unknowingly by my hand that I would consent to aid in taking the life of my daughter? No, Hugh Hatterick, if there is another whose life I would willingly destroy—as a blight and blot upon the world's surface—it is yours, vile murderer and coward!"

Perfectly astounded as he was by this terrific speech, this awful acknowledgment of a free will to kill, from one whom he had learned to consider his slave, Hugh Hatterick soon recovered his equanimity.

He seized the Harbor-master angrily, cruelly by the arm.

"Have a care, old man; have a care!" he said, "for your life, do not insult me!

"I have done so," returned Douglas Armstrong, recklessly. "Take my words as you please. I mean them, and can repeat them."

The wrecker loosed his hold. "Ha! ha!" he laughed; "I can understand your game clearly, now."

"My game!" said the Harbor-master. "I have no game, except that of telling you plainly to your face my mind—as every honest man ought to do."

"No, no, my friend," said Hugh Hatterick, "it is not that—not that. No, no; you wish to tempt me to the commission of some desperate deed, and so throw an obstacle in the way of my marriage. But, no; I know better than that. Nothing shall induce me to run the risk of losing a prize which is already almost within my grasp."

So saying, he quitted the Harbor-master's side, and moved towards the door.

"Good-night, Douglas Armstrong," he said, "good-night; and remember to be careful what you do."

Without waiting for any answer then, he went out, and hurried away in the direction of the Dead Man's Cave.

Meanwhile, Violet, in her little chamber, wept and prayed alone. It was a terrible time for her. Loathing, hating the wrecker as she did, she yet saw no means of saving her father, except my marrying the hideous monster.

But suddenly a ray of hope crossed her breast—a feeble ray, truly—but still one which, in her position, she gladly welcomed. She would go to Heathersley Grange, and see Henry, her lover. Perhaps he would be able to give her some advice in her trouble.

"I will go to him," she said, "go to him this very night, and explain to him all my sorrow. It will be at least some comfort (even if he cannot aid me) to see his dear face, and hear his kind voice." So she hurriedly dressed herself, carefully putting on such clothing as would be least likely to attract attention, or give rise to recognition, and in a few minutes she started off towards the Grange.

The night was dull and gloomy, but she feared nothing. She soon reached the old house, and knocked eagerly at the door. A man-servant answered her summons, and eyed her curiously, not at first being able to recognize her. But after a moment he saw her features and knew her.

"Ah, Miss Armstrong," he said, "what do you want so late?"

"I wish to see Mr. Henry Heathersley," she said, eagerly.

"Is it very important?"

"It is indeed."

"Then I am very sorry," said the man, "but Sir Digby Heathersley and Captain Rivasole—the French captain, you know—have been arrested, and Master Henry has gone up to London, and we don't expect him back for a fortnight or more."

"And he left me no message?"

"Oh, yes, my dear young lady; he did leave a message," said the man, "and we should have sent it to-morrow. Here it is."

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a small note, and placed it in her trembling hand.

"Thank you," she said; and opening it, she read it eagerly.

It but confirmed the words the man had said to her. He was gone to London suddenly, never dreaming that any evil would befall her—never supposing for one moment that the greatest enemy of his life would bear her from him so suddenly.

Violet was so overcome with grief that she could say nothing. She glanced up at the man, and then silently tottered out into the night. The last dear memento of poor Harry," she thought to herself, as she placed his letter in her bosom.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN WHICH HUGH HATTERICK AND THE HEIR-AT-LAW COME TO A RECKONING.

When Hugh Hatterick left the cottage of the Harbor-master, he made his way, as I have said, toward the Dead Man's Point, which, as our readers may remember, towered a terrific height above the level of the sea, over a shingly and stone-strewn beach. He had not proceeded very far before he became conscious that he was not alone in his journey, and presently, in the dim light of night he saw a man slowly advancing in the same direction as himself. This man was in advance of him some few steps, but as Hugh Hatterick was walking rapidly, he was soon by his side. Then there was a mutual recognition between them.

"Ah, Mr. Hatterick," cried the voice of Richard Langton, "I have been waiting for you."

"Indeed! what want you?" asked the wrecker, scarcely repressing in his voice the pleasure which this meeting gave to him.

"I want to explain to you the state of affairs," said the heir-at-law. "You know, I suppose, that both Sir Digby Heathersley and Hubert Rivasole, the French captain, are in the hands of the law, and are, by this time, in fact, safely lodged in prison?"

"Indeed, no," cried Hugh Hatterick, eagerly. "I did not know it. And whose folly has brought this to pass?"

"Mine," said Richard Langton, calmly.

"You have done this?"

"Yes, I."

"And do you know what this capture threatens for me and my friends?"

"I do, perfectly. Imprisonment, and death, perhaps, if you, by mischance, fall into the hands of the authorities," replied Richard Langton, quietly.

"And you have deliberately planned, then, to ruin me?"

"Not so; you are too useful a man for me to part willingly with. If you do all I ask, and I have much for you to do, I shall never even whisper to any one the fact that I know your complicity in the treason of these people, and the pillage and murder of others."

"And how, pray, did you make so easy a capture?" said Hugh Hatterick, still walking on, slowly, towards the Dead Man's Cave.

"I sent the soldiers, unawares, to the Grange, and they at once captured Sir Digby," continued Richard Langton. "Henry endeavored to resist them, but his father forbade him. Having my instructions, and knowing that the young Frenchman was upstairs, the officer seized all present, and without a moment's delay, made his way, with part of his men, to the chamber of Captain Rivasole, who saw at once that all resistance was useless, and did not, therefore, attempt it."

"And is Henry a prisoner, also?" asked Hugh Hatterick.

"No; only his father and the captain. Henry has gone to London to endeavor to obtain his father's pardon."

As Langton spoke Hugh Hatterick suddenly stopped.

"Now listen to me, Richard Langton," he cried; "we are alone, and there is no fear of any one interfering either with our words or actions. You have deliberately done an action which is calculated to ruin me, and for no reason."

"Stay," cried the heir-at-law, interrupting him, "there you are wrong."

"And, pray, what earthly cause could there be?"

"I might have been induced to do it in order to clear my path of enemies," said Langton. "But that was not the reason. I gave them up to justice, because I discovered that they were plotting to deceive me."

"And so you thought you would sacrifice your friends with them?" said Hugh Hatterick, fiercely.

"I have not done so. You know my terms—implicit obedience, and everything I set before you to do," said Langton.

"And what if I refuse?" said the wrecker, jeeringly.

"Then, before the setting of to-morrow's sun, I shall see that you, and all your friends, follow Sir Digby Heatheraly and the French captain to the state prison."

"Then, by heavens," cried the wrecker, "you shall not live to bring this ruin upon me and mine."

With these words he sprang forward, knife in hand. But he had reckoned quite wrongly in this instance.

Richard Langton had spoken calmly and deliberately, and his actions had been quiet and undemonstrative. But he had, nevertheless, been keeping careful watch over the actions of the man whom he knew to be his deadly enemy.

When, therefore, Hugh Hatterick sprang upon him, he sprang aside as well, and the blow intended for him flashed into the air. For an instant the wrecker stumbled on the very brink of the cliff. But he seemed to bear a charmed life in very truth. Recovering himself, he made a desperate rush once more upon his foe.

He had not meditated this deed of darkness; and he had, therefore, left his pistols at home, when he made his way towards the dwelling of the Harbor-master. Otherwise the career of Richard Langton would have been suddenly cut short, without his having the chance of defending himself.

As it was, he was well prepared for all emergencies. He had a keen hawk's eye, and when he saw the assassin plunging towards him, he was ready to seize upon him. Catching the arm which held the long keen-bladed knife, the Heir-at-law grasped the throat of his antagonist with the other, and in an instant the hands of the wrecker had caught him in the same way also.

It was a fierce and desperate conflict. Both men were determined—both knew that each had resolved to take the other's life—and each was as resolute as the other.

Neither was possessed of the least compunction. Conscience—a thing unknown to them—was not now for the first time likely to thrust itself in their way. On the brink of that dreadful precipice they writhed and rolled, and clasped one another in the fearful embraces of hate. They knew full well that if one fell over the precipice the other must follow, and their object was to disengage themselves, at the last moment. But each knowing the other's object struggled like grim death, and clung on with a deadly grasp.

Such a scene as this could not last long. Swerving this way and that way; now staggering this side, now rolling that side; now falling on their knees; now rising, and glancing with glaring eyes into each other's faces, they gradually neared the edge of the cliff. When they reached it, they stood for a moment upright, grappling each other with deadly grasp.

"Here we stand," cried Richard Langton, in panting accents, "man to man—death for both of us. Shall we go over together, or shall we release one another, and fight man to man?"

The answer was not in words. The wrecker's blood was on fire with terrible rage. The answer then came in the form of a tremendous jerk, which threw Richard Langton off his feet, and sent him completely over the side of the cliff.

But he did not go alone. He held on, as I have said before, like grim death, and as his feet slipped, and he rolled over into mid-air, Hugh Hatterick went with him into the yawning abyss of darkness.

But the desperate wrecker had got a charmed life. Falling down the dizzy height, the clutch of the Heir-at-law relaxed, and being underneath, he fell first, while Hugh Hatterick, by what seemed truly a miracle, remained poised upon a ledge of rock.

Down upon the sharp-pointed boulders went the Heir-at-law, senseless ere he reached them—a crushed, mangled heap when he had descended, lying out amid the green-stained stones, like one asleep, yet with never a bone whole in his body, though still his features retained their sternness. A helpless mass that now, for winds to howl over and waves to plash upon and bear away perhaps, presently, little by little; helpless, in a double sense, now, for the sea had claimed for itself in his descent the documents he had so dearly prized.

The mortgage deeds of the Heathersley estates had been washed out into the boundless ocean!

Little less helpless was the man above him on the rocks. Below was the deep and perilous precipice, by the descent of which his enemy had just lost his life. Above him was a sheer rock-height, and without any available projection, about forty feet clear.

Bruised and shaken, and in the pitch dark of a night which no moon and scarcely a star illumined, he was as helpless as a child. In vain he called out. No one, if ever so near to him, could have heard him. He was isolated, as it were, from the rest of the world.

Hour after hour of the dismal solitude passed by. Each minute seemed an age. He dared not sleep. The ledge on which he had so fortunately fallen was so small and so irregularly formed that the slightest wrong movement must have precipitated him some two hundred or three hundred feet below, to join company with his once deadly and now helpless enemy, Richard Langton. So he was compelled to remain still, and hold on fiercely.

At length morning broke, oh! blessed sight to him!

Never before had light appeared such a treasure to his eyes. Never before had he watched with such interest the reddening glows upon the edge of the eastern horizon.

But yet it brought with it sorrow as well as pleasure. It gave him a more thorough conception of his helplessness. There he clung, like some great insect on the face of the cliff, unable to move one way or the other—seeing ships moving hither and thither in the water—knowing that friends were passing to and fro above him, yet powerless to obtain help. Thus four hours were passed.

Suddenly his delighted eyes caught sight of a boat full of men rowing slowly past. At the risk of falling he raised one arm, waved a handkerchief which he tore from his neck aloft, and shouted loudly. The men in the boat had observed the curious object, and seeing now that it was a man in distress, they pulled hastily for the shore.

A hard and strong pull with a will brought them to the cliff near the entrance to the Dead Man's Cave, and the easy manner in which they scrambled up into it would at once have satisfied any one that they were old frequenters of the place.

It was not long before they reached the summit of the cliff, and with ropes a man was lowered to bring up the bruised and shattered wrecker.

Bruised and half dead as he was, however, the spirit of the desperate man was not broken. Supported to his house by his friends, he was resolved yet that the marriage on which his heart was set should take place.

The secret of his fall was kept by his men, and the body of Richard Langton being found at the bottom of the cliff, was supposed to have fallen from the rocks in consequence of some terrible accident—some lonely stumble in the dark.

Hugh Hatterick had accused the heir-at-law of sacrificing his friends recklessly. Hugh had sacrificed one himself, for he had removed from the path of the Heathersleys one of their greatest enemies.

So the marriage day came round. By nine the bride—a sorry bride, truly—was ready for the altar.

She made no wedding show. Her torn and unhappy heart was visible through her plain and simple dress as it was through her pale face, red, weeping eyes, and ghastly, tremulous lips.

To the church her father and mother had resolved not to accompany her. It was bad enough to bid her good-bye; bad enough to kiss her and strain her in their arms; bad enough to see her wretched, fainting—almost dying, while Hugh Hatterick stood with a triumphant smile by her side.

At last this parting scene was over. The last kiss was given, and leaning on her brother Tom's arm, and followed by two young girls, she passed slowly away.

The father and mother sat weeping and unable to speak by the fire, the one knowing that it was his own sin which made this sacrifice necessary, the other wondering, with a dread surprise, what it could be that was so fearful as to necessitate this doom for her child.

Presently a loud knock was heard at the door of the cottage. It was the postman, and in his hand he held a large, soiled letter. "Here's a letter for you, Douglas Armstrong," he cried. "By the look of it, you should have received it long since."

With a strange presentiment in his heart, the Harbor-master sprang up and quickly tore it open. Then he staggered back; a radiant smile overspread his face, and he sat down upon his seat weeping for joy.

"My son—my son Robert!" he cried.

"What of him? Oh! what of him?" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, eagerly.

"He lives! he lives!" he cried. "My son lives, and will be here this day! See how brightly the sun shines out to welcome him! And yet he comes too late—too late to stay this horrible and unnatural marriage."

"Nay, then, if his coming has aught to do with it," cried the mother, "hurry off, and stop it at the church. Let Hugh Hatterick say what he will; but go, Douglas, go while there is yet time."

Distracted with joy, and not caring now for Hugh Hatterick, or any other person in the world, the Harbor-master seized his hat, and prepared to rush from the cottage.

But even now his passage was barred.

The postman had closed the door and departed, wondering, on his rounds; but now when Douglas Armstrong again opened it, and was about to rush forward, a man in seafaring dress pushed him back, crying out loudly as he entered the cottage—

"Where away, Douglas Armstrong, where away? I want a word with you."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SCENE AT TREVEGAR CHURCH.

Where away, Douglas Armstrong, where away? "I want a word with you," the voice of the stranger had said, and there was something so strangely familiar in it, that both the Harbor-master and his wife started and gazed earnestly at the stranger.

He was a young man, not more than two-and-twenty, but the suns of hot climes had tanned him, and almost rendered unrecognizable his fair face.

But the eyes of a father and a mother are not to be deceived.

"It is Robert—it is our son!" cried both at once, and in a moment he was encircled by loving arms, and his manly brow covered with kisses.

For awhile the delight of reunion caused both Douglas Armstrong and his wife to forget the marriage which was even now taking place at Trevegar church.

The Harbor-master was the first to remember it. "My son, my son," he said, "this is no place for explanations. I will tell you all another time. At this moment your sister, Violet, is being forced into a marriage with one she hates, a marriage which your presence will stay at once; let us hasten, therefore; follow me, my son, ere we are too late."

With strange and bewildered feelings, as may be imagined, the young sailor threw down his stick and his valise, and hurried away after his father, who ran as swiftly along the high road as if twenty years had been suddenly taken off his life.

His mind was now fully made up. "I will tear her from him," he said, "even if the marriage ceremony is over."

Meanwhile, let us return to the marriage procession, which left, so sadly, the cottage of the Harbor-master.

Violet, when she went out into the fresh air, and saw the green spring leaves, and the flowers, and the calm sea, and the bright sun shimmering on the waves, felt as if a cloud was about to be cast over all the brightness, and she was to be shut out from happiness forever. She could hardly make her way along the high-road, although the strong arm of her brother Tom supported her on one side, and the tender help of a dear friend on the other, a young girl who had ever been her confidante and companion.

Hugh Hatterick, with one of his mates and the other young girl, brought up the rear of the procession.

Fortunately for Violet Armstrong there was no show of haste. No one regarded it as an earthly possibility that anything could arise that morning to put a stop to the hateful wedding, and Hugh Hatterick, who now looked upon the consummation of his wishes as nothing but a certainty, thought it wise, under the circumstances, not to hurry matters. So, slowly and solemnly, as if going to a funeral, the procession took its way towards the church, and passed into it just as the parson and the clerk entered also, smiling and jovial, for neither knew the fact that the marriage was a terrible sacrifice.

The ceremony began. Scarcely able to stand, the poor bride half crouched by the altar, shedding bitter tears, which the clergyman imagined to be tears of modesty, while

Hugh Hatterick, regardless of the looks which Tom Armstrong cast upon him, stood bold and erect before all. The wrecker was not one who could be easily cowed down, either by a woman's glance or the frown of a boy, for as such he deemed Tom Armstrong.

He was full of triumph. Richard Langton was destroyed; he himself held the proofs of his brother's murder, and he imagined himself, therefore, to be quite beyond the reach of his enemies.

On went the clergyman with the ceremony which was to make one the ill-assorted pair. Violet's heart beat so violently that it seemed as if it would leap from out her fair bosom. Ever and anon she cast an appealing look at Tom. Then her eyes would wander to the door, as if at this supreme moment she was hoping—against hope—that help would come to her.

Presently, as if in answer to the earnest prayer of her heart, a loud shout was heard without, the door of the church was flung violently open, and two men, hot with running, rushed up the aisle.

"Stay, stay this marriage!" cried the Harbor-master, almost inarticulately. "I forbid it, I forbid it!"

The clergyman had closed his book, and gazed angrily at the Harbor-master and his son. Violet, now rising from her leaning posture, stood beaming with joyous bewilderment, and would have sprung forward into her father's arms had not the wrecker, furious with rage, seized her wrist violently.

"I understood that you approved of this marriage, Mr. Armstrong," said the clergyman, as the Harbor-master reached the altar. "Why, then, this unseemly interruption?"

"It is wrong. I have discovered things which render this marriage impossible—at any rate, it shall not proceed unless my daughter desires it to do so."

"Oh! no—no," cried Violet, vehemently, "I desire it to stop. I thank God for this interruption. Unhand me, Mr. Hatterick, and let me go to my father."

"You shall all repent this sorely," said Hugh Hatterick, who, though white with rage, saw the necessity of complying with the young girl's request. "You shall repent this sorely. I will take a deadly revenge."

In his blind rage he had not yet seen the young sailor who had entered the church with Douglas Armstrong. But as he dropped Violet's wrist, and turned from her, he caught sight of him, and for a moment stood mute with fear, and with utter wonder depicted on his face.

"Ha! You may well stare!" cried the Harbor-master. "You may well stare. The son whom I imagined to be dead is here—here to save his father and his sister from you."

A bitter smile—a revengeful, cruel smile—crossed the lips of Hugh Hatterick.

"Good, good!" he said. "I will leave you for awhile with the son whom you bade me murder, whose blood is on your soul as much as if it had really dyed your hands. I will leave you with him for awhile, but do not expect to enjoy your triumph long. A man who, receiving the money of Government, links his fortunes with those of plunderers and wreckers, can expect little mercy from the authorities. Farewell, Violet! This marriage ceremony is interrupted but to begin again." With a look into her face, which made her tremble and turn away, the wrecker then passed down the aisle and out of the church.

This scene had proceeded, as I have described, without the clergyman or the clerk being able to interfere in the slightest. It was quite in vain that they entreated silence. Quite in vain that they issued from before the altar, and stood between the angry parties. The *Harbor-master* was so overwhelmed with joy on one side, and the wrecker was so furious with rage on the other, that they treated them as if they had been mere cyphers; and though the Reverend David Bell was greatly respected in the neighborhood as a good and kind-hearted man, he was not a little surprised, as may be imagined, at the manner in which he was pushed and driven about by the company.

He set it down, however, to the excitement they were all laboring under, and so suffered them to go without a word.

Hugh Hatterick and his rough-looking mate quitted the church quickly, and as they issued forth from the porch, they were greeted by loud groans from a number of village lads and girls, who had there assembled.

The news of the arrival of the long-lost Robert Armstrong had spread rapidly, and the delighted mother had read again and again to the neighbors the letter which told of her son's journey delayed through the villainy of Hugh Hatterick's brother; of the robbery of the clothes and money, and the escape of Walter Hatterick in the "Golden Eagle," under the assumed name of Robert Armstrong.

"Heaven only knows, my *friends*," she said, "what reference my boy's return has to the prevention of Violet's marriage; but this I do know, that now it is to be stopped, and that they're gone off to save the poor child, and bring her back from the church before the sacrifice is complete."

Some of the women stayed to congratulate her and keep up her spirits; but as the news spread, the others flocked to the church, and when Hugh Hatterick passed out there was a goodly assemblage. The wrecker at first took no notice of his reception, except to glance fiercely from one to the other, and to stride on more quickly. But when, on nearing the spot where the grave dug for him by the sexton still lay open, there was a long and universal chorus of execration, he faced about and accosted the Harbor-master.

"Look you here, Douglas Armstrong," he said, "this will fall back upon you. It is you who have planned and effected this insult, and wrecker and villain as you are, you will see that I will punish you tenfold for this morning's work. Robert Armstrong, hang not so closely on the arm of the father who would have murdered you. Violet, cling not to the man who would have sacrificed you to save his own worthless life. Wait, wait till Hugh Hatterick confesses all, Douglas Armstrong, and then—beware!"

With these words he turned, and strode hurriedly away.

The members of the wedding party were too glad to see his departure to take any part in the demonstration against him. They gladly, therefore, allowed the townspeople to go after the wrecker, and glided away to their own homes, where the flowers that decked the porch, and the green leaves that rustled on the spring-clad trees, and the sunlight that played upon both, appeared brighter and more joyous than ever in the eyes of Violet Armstrong.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH HENRY HEATHERSLEY HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD MORDAUNT.

The reader has only learned, as yet, from the lips of Richard Langton, how matters had progressed at Heathersley Grange, during this season of trouble and turmoil. It will be remembered that the officer who had the charge of arresting Sir Digby Heathersley, had, for the time, placed all in the room in custody, and dispatched some of his men to the upper part of the house to search for Captain Hubert Rivasole.

The French captain, who had no suspicion whatever of the fact that the house was in the hands of troopers, was quietly dressing himself when they burst into his room.

"You are our prisoner," said the officer in command, advancing.

Hubert had not a weapon with which to defend himself.

"Eh bien," he said, shrugging his shoulders in true French disdain. "you say I am your prisoner, and so, I presume, I am; though I should take it as an act of politeness if you would inform me why, and at whose bidding."

"You are our prisoner in the name of the king," said the officer, "and on a charge of high treason."

"Which, as a foreigner, can have no reference to me," said Rivasole; "nevertheless, I will accompany you."

"Tell me," he added, as he proceeded to resume again the military attire he had discarded, "tell me in regard to Sir Digby—is he also arrested?"

"He is," replied the officer, "but in regard to the charge of high treason not affecting you, I can say nothing. You are known to be mixed up in the conspiracy to place Charles Edward, the Pretender, on the throne, and to have been coming constantly backwards and forwards with treasonable papers. This is quite enough to place you in the power of the government."

"Good; they have arrested me, a French subject, and thus run the risk of a war," said the captain.

The officer smiled and bowed. "In the cause of right," he said, "the English never mind that."

On returning with their new prisoner to the drawing-room, the others, with the exception of Sir Digby, were at once released, and Alice, lying on her lover's bosom, gave vent to her sorrow in a passionate flood of tears.

"Oh! that I could save you," she murmured. "Oh! Hubert, why did you risk your dear life for a prince who, when once he was king, would forget you forever?"

"Oh, dearest," he said, "do not allow yourself to give way to unnecessary sorrow. I may be in the power of the law, but I am not yet proved guilty. To do that will be a difficulty for them."

At last she was compelled to tear herself from his arms. The officer, gently but firmly, intimated that the time was up; and in a few minutes, Sir Digby Heathersley and Hubert Rivasole were marched off between the files of soldiers towards the prison.

By his father's wish, Henry remained behind to console his cousin, and also to make preparations for proceeding at once to London. This, as we have already seen, he proceeded to do at once.

The person he desired to see was Lord Mordaunt, who then filled the office of Home Secretary.

Like all Home Secretaries he was difficult of access. But nevertheless, Henry determined to see him. His task was not only a desperate one, but one which engrossed all the feelings of his soul. Loving his father as he did, he felt that he could never survive the disgrace and shame and horror of seeing him mount the scaffold for an offence into the commission of which he had been led by others.

Lord Mordaunt was a tall, iron-gray man of firm and commanding aspect. He received the coming heir of Heathersley with a low bow—one of respect, blended with kindness. "You are, I believe," he said, "the son of Sir Digby Heathersley, who has lately been arrested for high treason?"

"I am, my lord."

"I can then guess the errand upon which you have come. You came to speak in regard to him?"

"I am, my lord; I have come to intercede for him as an old servant of the Crown."

"I am afraid you have come to consult me upon a matter of great difficulty," said Lord Mordaunt; "your father may have rendered great services to the state in times gone by, and, if I remember rightly, some of these services were great, but they do not do away with the truth of the present accusation now brought against him—of open treason against the king."

"But this accusation has to be proved against him," said Henry Heathersley, vehemently.

"They have abundant information against him," said Lord Mordaunt, "from an informer, and likewise from a deadly enemy of your father."

"I know his name, then—Hugh Hatterick!" cried Henry.

"It is not. It is Richard Langton."

Henry turned pale. He knew not that the Heir-at-law was lying at the moment he spoke, dead and cold on the points of the jagged rocks, beneath the Dead Man's Rock.

"What has he then to say against my father?" he cried.

The Home Secretary smiled at these words. He saw in them the simple heart of one who was not accustomed to battle with the world.

"That I am not at liberty to tell," he said.

"Why not, my lord?"

"Because the secrets which are imparted to government are received as sacred deposits of trust, and we never on any account disclose them."

"But this Richard Langton is a robber, a wrecker, an assassin. He has lived all his life by pillage, and is his word to be taken, my lord, before that of a gentleman who on one occasion saved the king's life, and upon another occasion brought him news which saved his throne?"

Henry spoke vehemently. But Lord Mordaunt forgave the breach of etiquette. "I will do all I can," he said, "but I can promise nothing. Come again to me to-morrow evening, and I will tell you more."

And then the minister tinkled a bell, which showed that the audience was over, and he had to leave.

The next day went by, as may be imagined, on leaden wings. Henry felt half mad. He saw before him an abyss of despair, from which escape seemed impossible. He already saw his father mounting the scaffold with Hubert Rivasole—his own name stained and degraded—his memory loaded with a weight of unutterable woe—his cousin Alice bowed down with grief forever.

If he had chosen to give up his own life to save a parent's, it would have been useless, since no one would accept the sacrifice. He could, then, do nothing but wait, and hope against hope.

There was no doubt that his father was implicated in the rebellion—there was no doubt that proof was forthcoming that he was one of the most active leaders of the treasonable movement. So, trusting to the clemency of the king, in remembrance of past favors, he waited till the following night.

When he again applied for admission to the presence of the Home Secretary, there was no delay. Lord Mordaunt received him at once, and with great kindness; but his manner was enough to prove to Henry that his case was hopeless.

He sat down, almost trembling, in the chair which was offered him by his lordship. "Well, my lord," he said, "I am come to hear your verdict."

"It is, I am greatly afraid, a sad one for you, Master Heathersley," replied the Home Secretary, "and one it pains me to tell you."

"Fear not, my lord," said Henry Heathersley, "I am prepared for anything."

"Well, then," said Lord Mordaunt, closing one hand over the other, and speaking slowly and deliberately, without looking Henry in the face, "well, then, I regret to inform you that I have consulted with my colleagues, and I see no hope whatever of your father receiving any clemency from the Crown."

"No hope?"

"None, really none," said Lord Mordaunt; "as for the French captain, there seems very little proof against him, and no treasonable papers were found upon him. He is not a British subject, and there is every reason to believe that he will be set at liberty; but, as I said before, I do not see any chance of escape for Sir Digby."

"Oh! my lord," cried Henry, "this is most cruel, most bitterly cruel!"

"My dear Master Heathersley," said Lord Mordaunt, with much emotion, "I trust you do not accuse me of cruelty. I can feel for you and do, if you are Sir Digby's son. I was a school-fellow and a friend of his, and would do my best to serve him. Leave me now, I can spare no more time; but remember, if my voice is anything, your father's life shall be spared."

"You give me hope, then, you give me hope?" cried Henry Heathersley.

"Not so," said Lord Mordaunt; "I spoke but of my own feeble voice. If I spoke the truth I should say there was no hope."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GLIDING ON TOWARDS THE END.

If Henry Heathersley did not remember the documents which alone could prove the treason of Sir Digby Heathersley, there was one who had not forgotten them. This one was Alice Heathcote. She was, as my readers will remember, on the broad balcony of the Grange, on that evening when Sir Digby was arrested, and had heard her uncle speak of her lover's expected arrival, and the fact that he intended to conceal all treasonable papers in a crevice of the rock near the Smuggler's Gap.

She thought nothing of these papers at first, fancying that they were safer where they were, but a little consideration completely changed her mind. After Henry Heathersley had left for London, she carefully weighed his words.

"Some one else besides ourselves must know of these papers," she said to herself; "they would be best destroyed."

Having once come to this resolution she proceeded to put it in force. Attiring herself in black and unobtrusive garments, she glided out of the old Grange without being perceived by any, and took her way along the dark highway towards the Smuggler's Gap. Her heart, as may be imagined, beat wildly in her bosom as she approached the place where the young captain had hidden away the documents which could destroy her uncle and himself.

But she never faltered. Here was a sacred duty—a task of love and honor.

She had no clue to the exact spot where Hubert Rivasole had concealed the documents, but she had seen, on more than one occasion, a large crevice in the rock when she had walked thither with her lover, who had pointed to it as his letter-box.

This, then, difficult enough be it said to find in the darkness, the young girl sought to find. Nor was she long in discovering it. In an instant her arm was thrust into its depths, and oh! how her fair bosom heaved with pleasure as the carefully desired papers met her grasp.

As she grasped them a heavy step was heard approaching. She waited not then to look at the papers.

She waited not to see if they were or were not what she sought, but knowing that if they were what Hubert had represented them to be, there was danger in their very existence, she tore them into minute fragments, and cast them to the winds of Heaven.

As she threw the last handful of paper over the cliffs, a man's form suddenly came up beside her. It was Hugh Hatterick.

"Ah, Miss Heathcote," he cried, "what do you here? This is a strange place of meeting."

"It is, indeed, Mr. Hatterick—but it is late, and I must go."

She spoke firmly and turned away. But Hugh had not seen the destruction of the papers of which he was himself in search, and was resolved that she should not escape him.

He seized her wrist. Stay," he cried, "stay, I want a word with you."

She endeavored in vain to free her hand from his. But his grasp was one of iron. "No, no," he cried, "you do not thus lightly evade me. I know well, Miss Heathcote, the object of your visit here.

"And pray what is my errand?"

"To find the papers which were hidden in the rocks here."

"Well?"

"You have found them?"

"I have."

"Give them, then, to me."

"I refuse," cried the young girl, "for the simple reason that they no longer exist. Scattered to the winds of Heaven, the papers can no longer injure my uncle or my lover."

"You lie," cried the wrecker, fiercely, "you lie, give them to me, or by Heaven, I'll hurl you over yonder cliff."

The young girl trembled. Her position was indeed a desperate and a terrible one; but she had not come out entirely unprepared for emergencies. So, quick as thought, her hand went up to her bosom.

"I tell you, I swear to you," she cried, "that the papers are destroyed."

"I believe you not; come then, to your death. From your crushed and senseless body I will take them." So saying, he dragged her towards the cliff's edge.

But he had reckoned without his host.

Alice, as I have said, had not come away from the Grange unprepared. She had taken from her cousin's drawer, a small, finely-pointed dagger, and had concealed it in her bosom. It was brought now into active requisition at the right moment.

There was a bright flash in the air, a cry of surprise, and Hugh Hatterick staggered back. The steel had entered his wrist, and he let go his hold in utter surprise.

This moment of surprise saved Alice. She took advantage of it upon the moment, and sped away into the darkness before the desperate wrecker had recovered from his bewilderment.

Hugh Hatterick glanced after her in utter rage and disgust.

"Ha, ha!" he shouted, angrily, to the winds of night, "ha, ha! I will be even yet with you and yours. No matter that you have discovered and destroyed the papers which would have been your ruin, I will yet prove that I am more powerful than all."

Six days after, proclamations were to be seen all over Trevegar.

Five hundred pounds reward for the person or persons who had been implicated in bringing over from France the treasonable papers, and two hundred to any one who would turn king's evidence, and prove the facts against Sir Digby and Captain Hubert Rivasole.

"Good," said Hugh Hatterick, "good: this will do for me. I will get this reward for myself. I will let my friends shift for themselves, and leave the neighborhood entirely."

On the night following the issuing of the proclamation, it was dark and tempestuous. Black rolling clouds hovered over the sea, but yet crowds of men occupied the sands. Beneath the Dead Man's Cave they congregated in masses.

Their eager eyes were bent seaward. Presently, far away over the restless waves, a bright light was seen. Pouncefort seized Hugh Hatterick by the arm.

"See, see!" he cried. "See you yonder dancing light?"

"Yes," said the wrecker; "it is the light from the 'Silver Gull.'"

Pouncefort laughed. A bitter, jeering laugh it was. "No, no," he said. "Yonder light comes not from the 'Silver Gull,' it comes from the revenue cutter."

Hugh Hatterick shook off his grasp angrily. "Do not trifle with me," he said. "Do not trifle with me. I am in no humor for it. It was I who arranged this run—the most splendid one that we have ever had the chance of making. Yonder is the 'Silver Gull,' and to-morrow morning every man, woman, and child among you will be the richer through me. Think you I allow spies upon my actions? No, Hugh Hatterick is not the man for that. Wait and see."

The man shrugged his shoulders, and moved away. He had lost all faith in his leader.

So had the men. The Hugh Hatterick of old was a thing only living in remembrance. He had lost his prestige forever.

Presently the light neared the shore. There was then a rush of men towards the beach, and eager eyes peered amid the darkness at the boats that put off from the strange ship.

But they were wrong if they expected friends. There was a landing of men—a quick, short word of command, and then came a rush from a mass of black shadow, which until now had seemed part of the rock.

"The coast-guard are upon us, Hugh Hatterick!" cried Pouncefort. "Now, tell me was I right or not?"

The wreckers, however, were not in the right mind to be arrested. They fought like madmen. So in the end the run was *not* made, but the smugglers escaped detection.

It matters not now to tell how the men got away. Our business is only with Hugh Hatterick. Infuriated with rage, he sped away from the cliff towards the Harbor-master's dwelling.

"By heavens," he said, "I will be revenged for this night's work. It is Douglas Armstrong who has informed against me, and his cottage shall this night form the beacon to light ships to safe anchorage at Trevegar. Both he and his home shall by the morning be but a heap of ashes to mark the vengeance of Hugh Hatterick."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON THE PRAIRIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

"There's nothing like a born Yankee for sharpness," said Giles reflectively, his voice issuing from the smoke of the fire at which he was broiling venison.

"'And thereby hangs a tale,'" I thought.

He repeated the same observation as he placed a slice of the meat before me. I saw he was burning to begin a yarn.

"Why a *born* Yankee?" I asked. "Are not all Yankees born ones?"

"Of course not," Giles White replied; "a man may be a naturalized Yankee, if after living in New England awhile he catches some of the Yankee smartness."

I was enlightened.

"Well," he continued, "I knew a sharp Yankee once—Jedediah Twinkleweed was his name. He had come West from Connecticut. He always maintained that the place of his birth was a paradise—no doubt he thought it too good for a sinner like him, for he had left it. He was honest when nothing was to be lost by being so, but at other times—the least said about it the soonest mended.

"He kept a store over the mountains. He heard that the people of Coldstream—a settlement on the other side of the prairie—were in want of tea, sugar, and some more articles of civilization. Jedediah was always eager for a chance to make money; so, loading a huge wagon with various commodities, and accompanied by his negro boy Jake, he started for Coldstream.

"Towards sunset on the day after they had set out, they reached the edge of the prairie. There they found a thick grove of trees, and Jedediah concluded to encamp for the night. He had been told that some prowling Indians were in the vicinity, but he did not put much faith in the report; however, to make all sure, the wagon and harness were covered with boughs and bushes, and the horses tied out of sight in the wood.

"This done, Jedediah sat down under a tree to chuckle in anticipation of the profits he would gain from the inhabitants of Coldstream.

"Jake made a fire, and began to prepare supper. His black cheeks glistened in expectation of the coming meal, for his master had kept him on short rations all day.

"He was in the act of searching for coffee among the voluminous folds of an almost empty bag, when Jedediah suddenly sprang from his reclining position and climbed up a tree with great agility, exclaiming as he went,

"'Red-skins!'

"Hearing that dread sound, Jake gave a suppressed squeal of terror, and obeying the first impulse, he plunged his head into the coffee sack, and tremblingly enveloped himself in it. Just as if his not seeing the Indians would prevent them from seeing him!

"Having thus completely hidden himself he started to run, but in his blindness he came in violent contact with the rough trunk of a tree. Even *his* cranium was not proof against the shock; he rolled in a half-insensible state to the foot of the oak in the branches of which his master was concealed.

"The Indians made their appearance, attracted to the spot by the smoke of the fire. Jedediah took them to be Creeks. They were four in number. Jedediah had expected more.

"After a short consultation, the Indians commenced to devour the provisions scattered around, without bothering themselves about the proper owner.

"Three of them squatted on the ground, while the fouth remained in a standing position. In a short time he too determined to sit down, and he selected the plump-looking coffee-bag in which poor Jake was shivering with terror.

"Down he went with all the abandon of a tired man. Jake was nearly smashed. With a wild yell, he jumped up, overturning the astonished red-skin, and offering to his eyes the sight of an animated coffee-bag.

"But Jake did not long preserve his incognito, he threw the bag away and made for the wood. The Indians followed in pursuit.

"Jedediah kept his place in the oak, trembling lest his wagon should be discovered. He groaned in spirit as he heard one of the horses neigh. His fears were soon verified, for the red-skins returned, without Jake, but each bearing a portion of spoil from the wagon. One of them carried a large package of tobacco.

"Jedediah was especially anxious about this article. Forgetting himself in his anxiety, he crept out to the very end of a bough, in order to watch the Indians.

"The bough was weak. It snapped under his weight, and Jedediah made a sudden descent. He was stunned by the fall. When his senses fully returned, he found himself bound hand and foot, and surrounded by the triumphant savages, who were chewing large mouthfuls of his beloved tobacco.

"I think he felt the loss of liberty less than the loss of that tobacco.

"After night had fallen, the Indians concluded to move. They had not found the harness, so the horses were fastened unskilfully to the wagon with buffalo thongs and pieces of rope. Jedediah could not forbear chuckling as he looked at this improvised harness.

"He felt a touch on his arm. He turned and saw Jake's head protruding from a thick cluster of bushes. Jake made a gesture of silence, and showed a glittering knife. In a second, Jedediah's hands were free, and the knife was concealed in his bosom. He took the earliest opportunity to cut the ropes that bound his feet.

"While the Indians were in deep perplexity about the harness, their captive resolved on a bold move. Wrapping his long gray coat around him, he stole noiselessly up to the horses. His captors were consulting around the fire. By a sudden swing of his knife, he sundered the thin straps that kept the animals in their places.

"He sprang upon one of the horses. Using the knife as a spur, he dashed out into the prairie.

"The Indians saw him. Three of them seized the remaining horses, and with loud whoops followed on his track.

"Jedediah had the start, but his steed was weary with the day's journey. It was the least fresh of the four, and his pursuers were excellent horsemen. The chance of escape was doubtful.

"On they flew under the star-lit sky. Jedediah's heart beat faster than the flying hoofs. He was losing ground. The Indians were rapidly nearing him. In another moment a tomahawk might crash through his skull. He was becoming desperate.

"A bright thought flashed through his brain. He slipped his arms from the sleeves of his long coat. He tied these sleeves in a knot around the horse's neck. Then he glided from the animal, and fell among the long prairie grass.

"The savages were deceived by the streaming coat. They fancied that it still covered their captive, and so they continued to follow. The horse, relieved of the man's weight, went on swiftly, and was likely to give them a prolonged chase.

"All night Jedediah lay among the grass. He awoke the next morning with the rheumatism, but he was very thankful for his escape.

"He reached Coldstream in safety. Jake joined him there. His wagon and goods were restored soon after—some United States troops having recaptured them from the Indians."

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THE THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. A Hand-Book for Bible Students. By the Rev. J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, D. D., Professor of Theology in the University of Utrecht. Translated from the Dutch by MAURICE J. EVANS, B. A., Translator of Dr. Hoffman's "Prophecies of Our Lord and His Apostles." Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Phila.

A COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By JAMES C. MOFFAT, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary in Princeton. Part I. Ancient Scriptures. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Phila.

THE SCIENCE OF NATURE VERSUS THE SCIENCE OF MAN. A Plea for the Science of Man. This is an essay, parts of which were delivered as an address at Harvard and Trinity Colleges last summer. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Phila.

A NOBLE WOMAN. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Palaces and Prisons," "Fashion and Famine," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

AUNT JO'S SCRAP BOOK. My Boys, Tilly's Christmas, etc. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of "Little Women," "An Old-fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Hospital Sketches." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. The way in which Miss Alcott's books are now seized upon and read by the young people is the best evidence of her popularity we can have. The far-famed Jo, having attained to the dignity of an aunt, presents in this volume some pleasant little stories for Christmas reading.

OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER? A Novel. By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDS, author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," "Susan Fielding," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. The young ladies who were so delighted with "Archie Lovell" will no doubt enjoy this new work of the author.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR. Christmas, 1871. Published by GEORGE W. CHILDS, Philada. This number is very handsomely gotten up. It contains a complete list of Illustrated and other Books, suitable for Presentation and Rewards, etc.; and many persons who are now considering the all-important question of suitable Christmas gifts, will doubtless be helped to a determination by its perusal. The specimen illustrations of children's books are especially beautiful and varied.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for October. American Edition. The interest and variety of its contents may be seen from the following brief enumeration: 1. Spiritualism and its Recent Converts. 2. Byron and Tennyson. 3. Beer, Brewing, and Public Houses. 4. Guicciardini's Personal and Political Records. 5. Continued Mismanagement of the Navy. 6. Industrial Monopolies. 7. Jowett's Plato. 8. Army Administration and Government Policy. 9. The Commune and the Internationale. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC for 1872 Contains, besides the Astronomical Calculations, a great variety of statistics and useful miscellaneous matter. Published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut street, Philada.

☞ A sour-faced wife is the liquor-dealer's friend.

The Secret of Captivation.—Features of Grecian mould, a well turned neck and beautifully rounded arms, are no doubt very nice things to have, and ladies who possess these charms have reason to be thankful to Mother Nature; yet, after all, the most captivating of all womanly charms is a pure, fresh and brilliant complexion. This superlative fascination any lady may secure by using HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM, the standard beautifying preparation of the present age. It differs from all ordinary cosmetics in three most essential particulars, inasmuch as it contains no injurious ingredients, does not contract or shrivel the skin as all the astringent "blooms," "lotions" and "powders" eventually do, but produces a lasting loveliness by improving the health of the skin. Under its operation the texture of the epidermis becomes finer, and the surface soft as velvet and smooth as porcelain. Features cannot be changed, but complexions can, and it is quite certain that a lady with no other charm than a fresh and rosy complexion, will attract more admiration in company than her neighbor with a classic face but a sallow skin.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

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☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

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Hostetter's United States Almanac for **1872**, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, in the English, German, French, Norwegian, Welsh, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

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GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'s Advertising Agency, No. 41 Park Row, New York, receives advertisements for all the newspapers in the United States, at the lowest cash rates, furnishing circulars and estimates free.—Brooklyn (E. D.) *Times.* It is a model business house. They give more for the money than any other house in the world.—*City Item*, Philadelphia, Pa.

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best hair-dressing.

☞ An Illinois somnambulist was rescued just as he was about to walk off from a sleeping-car platform in full motion.

☞ An Indiana criminal wept copiously when his term of imprisonment expired and the inhuman jailor thrust him out into the cold world again.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

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Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

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NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

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☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ A man named Henry Larkey has been arrested at Charlestown, Mass., charged with poisoning two valuable horses by placing arsenic in the feed bins.

☞ Chicago now talks of the great fire as "the recent heated term."

☞ One portion of the Ramble in Central Park is to be renamed Flirtation Corner, for obvious reasons.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1871.

A NEW NOVELET.

We shall commence in THE POST of January 6th—the first paper of the new year—a powerfully written novelet, called

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS;
OR,
A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

This is a novelet of absorbing interest, and we think will be read with great delight by our readers.

As we expect to have a large demand for the early numbers of the year, we advise those who wish the opening chapters of this story to send in their subscriptions and orders as early as possible.

RENEW EARLY.

As we have a large number of subscribers whose subscriptions expire with the end of the year, we would suggest to all who can make it convenient, to renew as early in the present month as possible.

If everybody waits till the end of the month, a large number of names are sent in together, and it becomes impossible for our clerks to enter them as soon as they are received. This causes delay in mailing the paper, and sometimes errors; though our clerks are generally very careful, and when an error occurs the probabilities always are that it is the mistake of the subscriber, not theirs.

As we shall stop the paper hereafter, even more generally than heretofore, at the expiration of all subscriptions—excepting in the cases of a small class of old subscribers, who always remit in return to our bills—those who wish to avoid all danger of having a break in their files of THE POST, should remit early. We do not electrotype THE POST, and now that the paper is so large and expensive, we shall not run the risk of wasting papers by printing many more than we absolutely need.

* * *

☞ The bell worn by the cow that kicked over the lamp that set fire to Chicago is on exhibition at sixty-one different places in that city—at least so says a Chicago local.

☞ "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the man said when he paid his dinner bill.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;
OR,
LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novelets and stories which are to appear next year in THE LADY'S FRIEND, will, we think, give that magazine a proud position among the periodicals intended expressly for the ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and THE POST ($2.50) are sent together for $4.00 a year. In making up clubs for THE POST, the Lady's Friend can be included at the same rates. The matter in the magazine and the paper is always different.

LARGE CLUBS.

We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for THE POST, will try to at least *double* their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of *fifty* subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to *one hundred*, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of THE POST, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show THE POST to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

SLANDERED!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I hate slander as I do the—measles; And I think that folks who go about slanderin' their neighbors had better be caught and shut up till they get over it.

There's Rushy Dill, now! If that woman has said one word agin' me, she's said forty thousand, I do believe! And what did it all grow out of?

Why Rushy, she was tellin' me about her fust husband's cousin, who's come to live in Bustletown. And she said folks looked down on her. For *her* part, she said, she thought one person was just as good as another!

And I says: "So do I, and enough sight better!" If there is any harm in that, I'd like to have her point it out.

I *have* heard that she said a week ago when I had on my new fall suit—jest in style accordin' to Miss King—that I looked as if I had jest come out of the ark!

What's that but slander? Why, if Rushy Dill had lived in Noah's time, she'd never have got *into* the ark. And that's the whole truth of it!

Her cousin—*she* said I wore false hair! Much she knows about it! She's as blind as a bat anyway, and she's always chasing her long nose around to see what she can spy out.

The amount of shoe leather and lastin' she manages to wear out in the course of a year must be more'n considerable. Brother Grimes better look out, or he'll never get *his* bill settled.

I did hear a story about her the other day—I don't know whether it's true or not, but I shouldn't wonder of 'twas—that she was settin' her cap for Deacon Grimes, so's not to pay any bill at all.

I don't say it, mind—only 'twas *told* me. I'm sure, for one, I'd rather go barefoot than marry a man with a club foot, and not a tooth in his head but what's been paid for!

Ef he don't believe me, jest let him ask me!

A FEMALE POISONER.

Every reader of old French memoirs is aware of the perfection to which the art of poisoning was carried in the Seventeenth century, not in France only, but throughout Europe.

There was a panic abroad that has never since been revived. No man who had a quarrel with his wife, or who had seen her smile with tenderness on his friend, could go home very comfortable to his dinner while he was aware there existed a professional agent in Paris who, for a moderate fee, would drop poison into his soup with as much certainty and as little remorse as his cook flavored it with sauces and condiments; and doubtless many a woman was seduced into crime by this fatal facility. There was not, for example, a more contented couple in Paris than Monsieur and Madame Brunet, until Philibert's flute so captured the husband that he offered the former the hand and dowry of Mademoiselle Brunet, his daughter. But Madame herself loved the musician, and very naturally inquired of La Voisin, the sorceress, how soon her husband might be expected to change the troubles of this world for the rewards of a better. La Voisin said nothing that could alarm the most delicate mind; she only smiled significantly; and in a few weeks Madame Brunet was a buxom widow of forty, who found no difficulty in persuading the flute player that she was a much more desirable wife than her sickly daughter. They lived together happily for several years, until Madame's name was found on La Voisin's books, when she was arrested, tried, and hanged.

Such was a fair specimen of the morals in France at the close of the seventeenth century. When interest was made with Louis XIV. to save the life of the beautiful Tiquet, the Archbishop of Paris interfered, representing that if she were spared no husband would be safe. The desire for poisoning became an epidemic madness. It pervaded all classes. Children and grand-children, nephews and nieces of the King were taken off. Sudden death among the nobility and gentry was almost a rule. When La Voisin was executed in 1676, it was estimated, from proofs that seemed almost incontrovertible, that she had sold potions and charms, amulets and philters to more than five thousand persons during her career of seven years.

* * *

☞ The Evening Post thinks that giving seventeen hundred pounds of coal for a ton is among "the weights that are dark."

☞ A New Albany bride "skedaddled" from the church when the groom was about to lead her to the altar, and vanished down the street. No cards.

☞ A correspondent is ungracious enough to remark that many American ladies, were they sentenced to be hanged to-morrow, would ask as their first question, "Have I a hanging dress?"

☞ A Western editor speaks of a contemporary who is "so dirty that every time he goes up stairs there is a rise in real estate."

☞ An old lady of seventy is the chaplain of the Kansas State Prison.

☞ It is the style now-a-days when an engagement is broken off for the lady not to return the presents given her by her *fiancee* or even the engagement ring, which is kept as an Indian keeps a scalp—as a trophy of former victories.

A THRILLINK POME.

There was once a man named Peter, and he had a lovely daughter,
And a fishing he did use to go upon the raging sea;
And all the shrimps and sharks he caught he took, as he had oughter,
And put them in a paper bag and fetched them home to she.

Now Sallie was this maiden's name, her lips were red as radishes,
Her cheeks were pink, her eyes were green, her hair was jetty black,
But she had an awful temper, and whenever she got mad, dishes
Went flying round about the room, in a regular hacmatack.

There lived a dashing buccaneer, whose Christian name was Samuel,
And a fashionable peanut stand his aged mother kept;
And by doing Sallie's wishes, (which this festive, gay young clam knew well,)
He gained her youthful heart, and into her affections crept.

But her father did not fancy Sam, and bade him leave the edifice,
And withdraw his ugly visage from his sight forever more;
And he swore a mighty oath that he would surely punch his head, if his
Blamed countenance was ever seen protruding in the door.

One night Pete felt tremendous blue, his head was rather achy,
And his jaws throbbed until he surely thought he'd got the scarlet mumps;
Trade, too, had been quite dull of late, the oyster biz was shaky,
And pondering o'er his woes he caught a chronic fit of dumps.

Just then Samuel came along, a trolling Yankee Doodle,
As a sign for Sallie to come out and meet him in the lane;
And Peter he got up and vowed he'd send that bloody noodle
To where he'd ne'er annoy his sight or cross his path again.

So he took an old umbrella, which was standing in the corner,
And just got up and lit on gentle Sammy as he came;
He then drew off and let him have right on his Roman horn, a
Most all-fired lick, which showed the accuracy of his aim.

Poor Sam, he never breathed again; that bright dream was a final one,
For Peter got ferocious and pulled out a carving-knife,
And hunting round until he found the cord they call the spinal one,
He chopped it up in fourteen strips and took poor Sammy's life.

When Sallie saw her love was dead, her brain began to stagger,
So she went and buyed and bolted down of arsenic a pound;
In her anguish-laden bosom next she plunged a four foot dagger,
And laid down beside her Samuel with his neck her arms around.

Then anguish filled Pa Peter's soul; he ate a keg of powder,
Drank a quart of nitro-glycerine, and then, to crown it all,
Swallowed down a red-hot poker, and went off fourteen times louder
Than the largest cannon that can throw a twenty-four inch ball.

They buried all they found of him, within a graveyard rural,
"In pacibus quiescat," on his tombstone, one may scan,
For the number they felt forced to use was certainly the plural,
For if ever man in pieces rested, Peter was that man.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—It seems a change very well relished by most ladies, that of substituting the high-crowned hats for the little "gypsy" that was so much the rage last season. Whether these high brigandish looking tiles will be as well suited to all styles of faces as was the "gypsy" is a question. The fashion of placing all the trimming at the back, and carrying the feathers upward to such an alarming height, is not pretty, and it would seem that good taste should suggest a change. The new style of trimming with the long grenadine veils of blue, lavender, green, and in fact any color, is most admired, and is really a graceful and convenient invention. These veils are usually looped around the hat and form in part the trimming, the long scarf ends being left to hang at the back or be brought over the face at the option of the fair wearer. By-the-way some of the observing ones of the city—or some *one* of them rather, has been making himself quite unhappy, all on account of the disappearance of the "green veil," and has vented his grief in a series of newspaper articles; and it is just possible that the style of again wearing veils may have been revived as a solace to him. It is a happy thing, however, that Fashion does not limit her votaries to the one color over which he mourns, for green veils are not beautifiers and few will be prevailed upon to wear them. The writer of the aforementioned newspaper articles, through some insane idea associates them with "honest poverty," and says they were once a "badge of purity" and so acknowledged, and to him there was (seemingly) "nothing half so sweet in life" as a shop girl returning home from her daily labor, with a quiet little cottage bonnet upon her meek head and her pretty face shrouded in the voluminous folds of a green veil.

This state of things, says he, (I judge it's a *he*) has passed away, and shop girls wear jockeys and chignons. A pitiful state of things truly!

Jockeys, however, are just what they seem, and from their general diminutiveness are quite incapable of mystery, but a cottage bonnet!

What plots and deceptions and wickedness might not be hidden away in its modest depths—screened from public observation by this same poetic veil? And a *chignon!* To listen to this writer one would think they were made up of all sorts of iniquities—(the fellow, evidently, has never dissected the creature), and for a shop girl to wear one was to sacrifice her reputation; but why it is any worse for a shop girl to wear a chignon and a jockey, than her more affluent sister, I cannot quite discover, and if instead of hiding away her beauty in a cottage bonnet and a green horror, a shop girl, strong in the respectability of her calling, choses to follow the fashion and wear a chignon and a jockey, and thus confront the sun of heaven and the sons of men, who shall say her nay?

WINTER FASHIONS

were well represented at one of our leading houses on Tuesday last, and to one unacquainted with such sights the effect would have been a mingling of the sublime and ridiculous. Every nation found there its representative. Wealth and poverty jostled each other on the stairways, and beauty and ugliness glanced defiance in the *salons*.

Crowds were there in every department, and it was an interesting study to note the different effect of the grand display upon the different people there congregated. In the cloak department the styles were too varied to admit of anything like special mention. Velvets were there made up in all imaginable shapes, and trimmed in every style. The sailor-jacket is quite an institution this season. It is pretty and stylish, but there is danger of carrying the fashion too far. For instance, the ornamenting of the broad collars with anchors, although appropriate enough, is not consonant with good taste, and no one, unless inclined to a little more than usual rapidity, would care to wear them.

In the regular line of cloaks it is a little difficult to say what the fashion really is, for we see the Polonaise straight, and the Polonaise looped, and we see tight and half-fitting basques, and jackets and talmas, and circular wraps, and in fact every fanciful device ingenuity can invent. To say that *everything* will be worn, and that there are no very great novelties, nothing differing essentially from fall styles, will be about the nearest approach to the present state of fashions in cloaks. In the *suit* department the display was bewildering. Among the handsomest were costumes of black velvet, with trimmings of lace and embroidery; green silks, with overskirts of black; lavender suits, with under-skirts of pink; brown, with trimming of the same color—and, in truth, suits of so many kinds and combinations, that description is utterly defied. This department, with the millinery, received the greatest share of attention; every suit was scanned by eager eyes, until many a fair shopper found it difficult to distinguish the lay from the living figures. Those who came only to see and admire, far outnumbered, as is usual upon such occasions, the buyers. A few of the latter there were, and among them young demoiselles in charge of old gentlemen of seventy-five, who were particularly convenient in the way of paying bills. Who the young ladies were did not transpire. They might have been wards of the old gentlemen, or possibly youthful wives, or maybe granddaughters; whatever they were, suffice it to say, they were the best purchasers. If the pretty blonde admired a hat on exhibition, she had only to try it on. Seventy-five agreed that it was bewitching, and it was a bargain at once. At the next counter an opera cloak was the attraction; blonde tresses threw it over her shoulders, and settled sentimentally into the nearest *fauteuil*.

Seventy-five was in ecstacies, and again the pocket-book was brought into requisition. Another counter, and blue cashmere robes with borders of gold were noticed. The girl in attendance, intent, and with an eye to business, immediately donned one, she was pretty. Blonde tresses shook her head. It was beautiful, and just suited her complexion, but forty dollars was too much for a morning wrapper. Seventy-five said no, and the purchase was made, blonde tresses looking pleased all the time. And so it was, through all the departments, and in every one blonde tresses, while looking over the rich goods, and "murmuring I will ne'er consent" to such a ruinous outlay, consented in every instance; and seventy-five with a joy almost childish, passed in his checks, and flattered himself that in one woman's estimation he was the only man worth living for.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Verily fashion is a fickle goddess, and not only is her changeable nature apparent in the important portions of the feminine wardrobe, but it even extends to the understanding.

The high kid boots that have for the last ten years held undisputed sway, and have been held up to the multitudes as the only fit covering for the foot of woman; the boot upon which more homilies have been written, and more eloquence exhausted than upon any other one subject, unless it be original sin, will one day be but a thing of memory. A decided effort was made something more than a year ago to bring into favor the low cut shoes with buckle and rosette at the instep, but although successful in France, the idea was not seized upon with much avidity here; a few made their appearance in our streets, but the wearers finding they attracted much attention, and elicited little admiration, soon went back to the established style of high boots. But fashion, who, if necessary, can display a wonderful degree of perseverance, was not thus to be thwarted, and set about changing the tastes of people by a most ingenious manner. With surprising celerity she flooded the market with quantities of beautifully embroidered hose—stockings so elaborate of design and manufacture that to hide them away in a boot was a positively sinful proceeding. Slippers were not the things, for slippers were simply undress accompaniments, and were only worn with trained skirts that effectually hid the foot.

For a time ladies declared it all nonsense to purchase anything so elaborate and costly, while, even then, they looked at them with longing eyes and thought how beautiful they would look with low shoes and the short street suit.

It was enough. The next venture was the high square-cut slipper known as the Marie Antoinette. Of course it was intended only for the house—but ladies wearing them deemed it too much trouble in warm weather, to put on thin boots just to step around the corner for soda-water or ice-cream; and what was the difference?

Another point was gained.

The next purchase disclosed a pair of shoes closely resembling the old time Oxford ties, so popular among gentlemen. As yet, the low shoes have not been worn extensively in the street, but their appearance there during the summer elicited no comment; and it is universally conceded that for warm weather they are far preferable to the boot.

For cold and mud it must be seen that nothing quite comes up to the Wellington boot, though it is plain also, that the Wellington boot comes up farther than it need to, in very many instances, and that in this particular, manufacturers have carried fashion to an extraordinary height. Fancy boots with embroidered instep and ornamented top are popular with misses and young ladies with very small and very pretty feet. Sometimes we see them upon worn and faded females of uncertain age, who even when putting their best foot forward fail to foot up any great amount of personal charms, and then the spectacle is a sorry one.

When will women learn that the pretty adornments of girlhood, when affected by the middle aged only serve to make more apparent the stealthy touches of time.

Round hats, and curls, and fancy boots, are in harmony with peachy cheeks, laughing eyes, and careless abandon, but when age and care have stamped their names upon the face, and left an indelible impress upon the spirit, it's no use. But then there is an apology for what we see. No woman ever grows old without a regret. She clings to youth with more tenacity than she clings to life. Her mirror reveals the gray hair, but she plucks it out and beguiles herself with the thought that it is premature. She sees the tiny wrinkles gathering about the corners of her eyes, and instantly thinks they have come from laughing so much, and resolves that hereafter she will keep on a straight face. She does not look the second time at her complexion, she detects the absence of the fresh tint, but thinks it attributable to a late supper or a loss of rest, and trusts a good night's sleep to set the matter right. And so she goes on, deluding herself, and fancies that unlike other people she, with a little care, can remain forever young.

She does not know that every effort she makes but enhances the difficulty, and causes people to observe what otherwise would pass unnoticed. To this fear of age we may trace much of the lack of taste to be seen on our streets, and much, too, of that dissatisfied look and appearance, as though they were conscious the dress did not belong to their years, and feared others would discover the fact.

But I was talking about boots and shoes, and naturally enough have walked off my subject. But having spoken of every thing but a few minor details, it is hardly worth while to go back for the sole purpose of saying that round toes will be more worn than square ones, or that bows and buckles will take the place of rosettes, and that if any are disappointed they must heal their sorrows with the understanding that at another time I will mention every thing.

OLIVE KING.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

It was a dreary little room in the fourth story of a tenement house, in the midst of the great city whose riotous tumult made itself heard even at that late hour of night.

The room was scrupulously neat, though there were in it none of the comforts rich folks have—none of those dainty luxuries which you and I think necessary to our well-being.

At one side of the room there was a small stove; and before it, down on her knees, was Lucy Randal; a pale, slender girl, with a wealth of nut-brown hair falling over her shoulders; a pure, high forehead, on which there was no shadow of sin; a little trembling mouth, formed for kind words, and deep, dark eyes whose splendor lighted up the dull, dreamy room, like the shining of happy stars.

Behind her was a pine table, holding two candles in bright stands, and beside them a plate, and cup and saucer.

"For it is Christmas Eve, and I will be extravagant for once!" she had said, as she broiled her bit of steak, and toasted three marvellously thin slices of bread.

Just as she lifted the steak from the bed of cherry red coals, the plain gold ring which she always wore on her slender forefinger, slipped from her finger and rolled away over the floor.

Her supper was forgotten as she sprang to recover her treasure.

But it had rolled to the very corner of the room, found a tiny crack between the weather-worn boards of the frame building, and fallen down, down through the darkness to the snow-covered pavement.

With a cry of dismay, Lucy ran swiftly down the uneven stairway, and out into the falling snow. But little she heeded the light flakes that fell over her—her heart was too full of regret. Five years ago Henry Norton had left her in her father's pleasant house, to go away and make a fortune. He had left a kiss on her lips and the ring, and said in a low whisper, full of love and longing, "wear it until I come again, dear Lucy. I will replace it sometime, darling, with a wedding ring!"

She had waited and trusted him all these years. At first, in the pleasant comfort of her home; later, when both father and mother were dead, in the poverty and hardships of a working girl's life.

She had been cold and hungry many times, but never tempted to part with the little ring.

Her search was a long and a weary one, but the ring could not be found, and she crept up the long stairway, shivering and sick at heart.

That night the supper, so daintily prepared, was left untasted on the table, and Lucy cried herself to sleep.

It was Christmas morning—bright and beautiful—the very happiest of happy holidays.

Out in the street, the busy crowd surged back and forth, carrying on its skirts the sad little waifs from garret and cellar and street.

One little fellow stood quietly on the curbstone watching the faces of the passers-by.

"Not that one—he's too grand—and that one's got a cruel face. Ah, here comes a gentleman! I'll ask him."

And slipping in and out of the careless throng, he pulled the gentleman's coat.

He turned around, showing an anxious but a pleasant face.

"Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Please, sir, will you buy the ring? I found it in the gutter last night."

The gentleman took it carelessly in his hand. "Perhaps I can find the owner," he said. "Why, here are letters in the inside."

What made the bearded face grow so suddenly pale? Was it only the tide of an old emotion, or was it the birth of a new hope?

The little boy was startled by the quick grasp of his hand.

"Where did you find it? Tell me, quick!"

"In Barrow alley, he muttered.

"You need not be alarmed, my lad. Take me to the spot where you found it, and I will give you a dollar."

Almost as swift as the wind went the willing feet, until they stood together in front of the dingy tenement house, where Lucy had stood in the storm the night before.

"There's the spot, sir!"

"Thank you! And here's your dollar! Do you know the people about here?"

"Nobody but the baker over the way. That's where I buy my buns."

They crossed the street together and went into the little, low shop. There was a young woman at one counter buying bread.

"Only a four cent loaf, this morning," she said, sadly. "I have no money for more."

Surely the voice was hers, and the hair—ah, she had turned around—and the sweet, sweet, unforgotten face.

"Lucy!"

"Henry!"

But everything else was said under the shadow of the little attic-roof.

Until three hours later, when they stood, hand in hand, in the clergyman's parlor.

And Christmas night found them in a pleasant room, lamp-lighted and warm, making plans for their future home.

And you may be sure that little Dick, the waif of Barrow Alley, was not forgotten in the joy of their home-coming.

CHARLES DICKENS' EPITOME OF OUR SAVIOUR'S LIFE.

Hark! the waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree? Known before all others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes lifted up, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people flocking through the doors of a chamber where He sits, and letting down a sick person from the roof with ropes; the same in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child on His knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon the cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

☞ Utah may have its plural wives, observes Mr. Quilp, but other parts of the country have very singular ones.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

Max Rothermel's Revenge.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Max Rothermel, stood apart from the gay throng and watched the people surging through the rooms at Mrs. Brierly's reception. It was better than a book to him. He could read strange tales on the faces of some men and women, who passed him. Beneath smiles and superficial gayety he could read of restless, unsatisfied yearnings; of unhappy hearts, and lives whose best days were a failure.

Some one tapped him on the shoulder.

He turned about and confronted a young man, with a face fair and handsome as a woman's.

"How are you, Rothermel?" the young man said, giving him his hand. "I hardly expected to see you here. You don't put much stock in gatherings of this kind generally."

"Not often," Rothermel answered, shaking his friend's hand warmly, his face lighting up with a pleased look. "I did not expect to see you here, Kirk. I was thinking about you not half an hour ago—but was not aware that you had got back from the mountains yet. I am glad to see you. I have missed you since you went away."

"Ah!" Roy Kirk said, smiling. "I'm glad to hear that, Rothermel. I'm happy to know that some one misses me when I'm gone."

"I have so *few* friends, that I dislike to lose any of them for even a little while," Rothermel said. "When we have but few, we appreciate them thoroughly."

"A few true friends are worth a world of half-hearted ones," Kirk answered. "I haven't another friend in the world I value as highly as I do you, Rothermel. You are always frank with me. You don't fawn and flatter as some of them do. I know I can trust you—but I wouldn't dare to put much confidence in the most of them. They'll do for fair weather, but not for everyday."

"You can trust me," Rothermel said with a steady look into his friend's eyes. "I am pretty sure of what a man is worth before I give him my friendship. I think I know you for a *man*, Roy Kirk, and as such I like you."

A strange man, this Max Rothermel. A lover of books more than of women; reserved, save when in the company of those whom he admitted to his friendship; then he was genial and charming. Seemingly cold to those who saw him in his outer life; but to the few who *really knew* him, a warm-hearted, true man.

Between him and Roy Kirk a fast friendship had grown up. A friendship that was as strong as the love a man can give to woman, but of a different nature. It was not very demonstrative. It was not in the nature of either to make much show of what they felt at heart, but they understood each other thoroughly, for all that.

Damon and Pythias, some one called them. Their warm and steadfast friendship for each other was like a modern version of the old story, and the names fitted them well.

"Is Sybil Cameron here?" Kirk asked, after a little silence.

"I think I saw her when I came in," Rothermel replied. "I may have been mistaken though."

"No. She is there in the recess of that window," said young Kirk, a moment later as the throng surged apart like the waves breaking on the shore. "Isn't she lovely, Rothermel?"

Rothermel's eyes followed the direction of Kirk's finger. A woman was sitting alone in a bay-window full of blossoming plants and trailing vines. A woman with something of the flexible, supple grace of the willow about her, and a face that was fair as most dreams are—clear and white, with faint tints of carnation on the cheeks, and redder ones on the curving, parted lips. Hair of the palest gold, soft and abundant, framed in the clear-cut face, and contrasted strangely with the large gray eyes which seemed hardly suited to the beauty of her style; and yet the effect was decidedly charming. She wore a dress of some floating, diaphanous stuff, of a pale green, caught up here and there about the skirt with snowdrops. Some of the same flowers were in her hair and on her bosom.

"If I were an artist I would paint her as Summer," said Kirk, his admiring eyes in which there was something more than mere admiration, never leaving her face.

"I would paint her as Spring," answered Rothermel.

"Why?" asked Kirk.

"Perhaps I am wrong," Rothermel answered, "but to me she seems a fickle, changeful woman; one who wins a man's heart one day by her smiles and coquetry, and casts it aside the next, caring nothing for it after it is won. Spring is fickle and false in promises, and not at all the pleasant season you poets would make us believe. To me the season and this woman seem alike."

"But Summer is only Spring with a soul in it," answered Kirk.

"Yes, I grant you that," said Rothermel. "But looking in Sybil Cameron's face I fail to see such indications of a soul. Perhaps I could see it if I looked with the fond eyes of a lover."

"I *do* love her," Kirk said earnestly. "You were right when you called me a lover, Rothermel. I never cared for a woman before as I do for Sybil Cameron. To me she is the synonym of all things fair and pure and sweet. She may be the woman without a soul that you imagine, but I can't think of her in that way. If I can win her I shall be the happiest man alive."

"For your sake, I hope she is all you fancy her," Rothermel answered. "You are worthy of her, if she is. I hope you may be right, but pardon me, Kirk, I am afraid you are wrong."

"I may be," Kirk answered, "but I love her."

"I have nothing to advance against an argument like that," the other said, smiling.

"I must go and speak with her," Roy Kirk said a moment later.

Rothermel watched him as he went up to Miss Cameron's side. He saw her lift her bewildering eyes, while a little flush of rose ran up to her cheeks, and a look of well-feigned shyness came to her face and made it doubly fascinating.

"Young Kirk is about gone," some one said near by. "From his looks, when Miss Cameron gives him a smile like that, *he* can't stand it long."

"Poor fellow," was the reply, pityingly. "It's too bad, I say, for a woman of her stamp to be allowed to go free to win hearts and break them as she does. She doesn't care a straw for Kirk, but she thinks it would be a fine thing to number a poet among her conquests. It's plain to be seen that he *does* care for her, though. You can see that he has faith in her, and believes her to be what she appears to him to be, but what she is *not*, a true, womanly woman. It's a pity some one couldn't play at her own game with her, and make her feel something of the misery she has made others feel. It would be serving her just right, by Jove, to win her heart, if she has one, and then cast it aside as she will young Kirk's."

Max Rothermel's face was grave with pain as he listened to this conversation. He pitied his friend, but he knew it was useless to warn him. He was too completely under the spell of her charms to heed any warning now. She bewildered him by her swift, magnetic glances; she held him fascinated by her low voice and her smile.

By-and-by Rothermel saw her take Kirk's arm, and they went off toward the conservatory together.

An hour later he met Roy Kirk in the hall. His face was pale, his eyes full of pain and disappointment.

"It's all over, Max," he said, wringing his friend's hand. "You were right, she hasn't any soul."

"Poor Roy!" Rothermel's face was cold and stern, for just then he saw Miss Cameron smiling across the parlor as if nothing had happened to break the monotony of the scene, but his voice was full of sincere pity for the bright young dreams so cruelly blasted by a heartless woman's wiles.

The sweet, bewildering strains of the Strauss waltz floated out upon the evening air, and made it vibrant with delicious melody. Down the long room the waltzers swung in a slow and dreamy motion to the music of the viols. Outside the moonlight made a white radiance on land and sea. The beat, beat, beat of the sea upon the shore, like the restless throbbing of a human heart, sounded through the sweet, wild waltz music like an undertone of sorrow.

Max Rothermel stood and watched the scene. There was a look of something like triumph in his face.

Presently there was a flutter of white up the parlor, and without looking that way, he knew who was coming. He could tell by the strange thrill which went over him.

"Miss Cameron is looking for Rothermel," some one said behind him, in a tone not meant for his ear. "Do you really think he cares for her?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "But one thing is certain, she cares for him."

"Yes, every one can see that," the other lady said. "At last she has found her master. I am glad of it. She has ruled hearts long enough."

Rothermel smiled, an exultant thrill at his heart, a fire of triumph in his eyes.

Sybil Cameron came quite near before he looked up. When he did she stood before him, with a soft color coming, and going in her cheeks, her eyes shy and downcast. The old queenly arrogance was gone, and a womanly grace, infinitely more becoming, held its place.

"Shall we waltz?" he said, smiling into her eyes with that rare smile of his. "That waltz is simply exquisite. I don't often care to dance, but to-night the impulse is irresistible."

They whirled down the room to the weird intoxication of the music's subtle influence. Her yellow hair floated about his face, and her breath fanned his cheek. Once she lifted her eyes to his, compelled by some strange power to do so. His glance was on her face, full of conscious power, and yet touched with something like regret.

The waltz ended in a long strain of tremulous sweetness. They went out, and down the path to the sea. The waves leaped, and sparkled in the moonlight, and broke in upon the beach with a soft flash that was full of soothing influence. Far overhead some birds flew, showing blackly against the clearness of the sky.

They walked up and down the shore for some time in silence.

By-and-by he spoke.

"This is our last walk together, I suppose; I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away?" Her voice was full of surprise, and her face paled a little in the moonlight. "Not for long, are you?"

"For years, perhaps," he answered. "I am going to Europe next week. I ought to have gone weeks ago."

"For years," she repeated, with a quiver in her voice, her eyes far off upon the rippling waters of the bay. "Oh, years are so long, sometimes."

"Shall you miss me?" he asked, his eyes upon her face, and drawing her eyes to his.

"Miss you, oh Max! How can you ask? For, oh—" she stopped suddenly, with swift, rosy flushes mounting to her cheek and brow. She was very tender and womanly now, this queen of hearts.

"Well—what?" he said, looking straight into her eyes with a strange power in his glance.

For her life, Sybil Cameron could not have kept back the words which came to her lips for utterance. By the subtle influence of his will over her, he compelled her to speak them.

"For oh, I love you, Max, I love *you*!"

Never in all his life had he seen a face so beautiful as Sybil Cameron's at that moment, when that sweet confession found utterance. Her eyes were full of soft light, her cheeks dyed with carnation, and her whole face suffused with new, strange tenderness. Her soul had come to her.

In this supremest hour of his triumph, Max Rothermel felt that in some way his revenge was after all a failure. He had set himself deliberately to win this woman's heart, if she had any, and then spurn it aside as she had spurned so many hearts. He had won the thing he coveted, but the triumph was not what he had anticipated. There was a sense of humiliation about it, and of self-defeat. Could it be that there was a spark of love in his heart for this woman who had cast aside the love of his dearest friend as a worthless thing, and made that friend cynical, and coldly distrustful of all truth in woman, because of his slighted hopes and dreams?

"You love me," he cried. "You tell me that, and I have never spoken one word of love to you. Roy Kirk loved you, and you trampled on his heart, as true a heart as ever beat, after you had lured him on to the ruin of the dearest, sweetest hopes life held for him. Now you tell me that you love me. You can feel what *he* felt, if that is true. You can know what a bitter thing it is to love in vain. Every day of his life he thinks of you with bitterness and regret. Regret that he ever knew you, and bitterness because he believed you the soul of all that is womanly in woman and was cruelly deceived. You gave his heart a blow that it will never recover from. Life will never be the same to him that it was before, because he has learned what false things there are in it."

"Oh, Max, forgive me, pity me," she cried. "I love you. Pity me, pity me!"

"You had no pity for Roy Kirk," he answered, with a strange yearning at his heart to fold her in his arms, and hold her head upon his breast. "I have none for you." His heart cried out, "Cruel! cruel!"

"Oh, Max!" she cried, and dropped at his feet in a white heap upon the sands, her face uplifted in wild supplication, her eyes full of woful entreaty. "You are so cruel—and oh! I love you so."

"Good-bye," he said, unmindful of her outstretched hands, cold and pitiless as fate, despite the tumult in his breast. "Good-bye, Sybil Cameron."

He turned away without another look into her face. He dared not trust himself longer.

"Max, Max!" she cried, stretching her hands after him in an agony of beseeching grief. "Oh, Max, pity me! Do not be so cruel, *for I love you so*!"

The cry came after him as he crossed the sands in the white moonlight, but he crushed down the wild yearning to answer it as his heart yearned to do, and sped away from the scene of his triumph—and defeat.

Max Rothermel often shuts his eyes and sees a white beach and a silver-rippled sea, with white sails drifting by along the far horizon's rim, and white mists of moonlight over all; and he hears a cry, a wild, woful, despairing cry—"I love you so." And always when he hears it his heart beats with a dumb sense of loss. That cry will haunt him to his dying day, and fill him with a wild, unsatisfied yearning for a woman's love.

ST. NIKOLAUS VON DE FLUE;

OR,

A STRANGE GIFT OF SANTA CLAUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

The 24th of December found us still by the beautiful lake of the four Cantons. We had reached Switzerland in August, designing to return to the valley of the Rhine by the first of October; but a painful accident to one of our immediate party had detained us, not otherwise unwillingly, in the Lucerne valley until the period mentioned.

Beautiful, beautiful lake! As I sit this evening, thousands of miles away, my very thoughts seem mirrored in the clear emerald waters, so distinctly do they shimmer in the moonlight before my mind's eye, with the lights and shadows upon the shore, outlined against the background of the mighty Alps! How many hours of that halcyon era of my rather eventful life did I dream sweetly away amid those peaceful yet picturesque surroundings? And yet what food for thought was offered me by the very hand of Omniscience. Heaven forgive me for the heedless apathy of those days when I deemed that life in our great cities, in the crowded streets, was a gayer, merrier, happier thing than there; where it seems to me now that one might almost like Moses, have "talked with God." They are to me, each day a sermon such as no mortal lips have ever uttered, and which I know can never fade from my memory while life lasts.

It was while we loitered here that I first met Miriam Vane. She came from Lucerne but a few days after our arrival, and the moment she entered our little hotel, escorted by an elderly gentleman whom I supposed her father, I knew that she was an American, and hence a countrywoman of mine. I was exceedingly delighted at the prospect of a new acquaintance; for this tie of national sisterhood had drawn me towards many charming persons during our travels, and I confidently looked forward to a considerable degree of intimacy with her—to many romantic walks or delightful boatrides on the lake. But, to my chagrin, a month or more had passed, and our acquaintance had not progressed beyond a formal "good day" as we encountered each other indoors, or on the byways where we wandered every evening when the weather would allow.

The elderly gentleman who soon sought us out, and who followed us around with an assiduity that caused *many* a laugh from my friends, and many a blush from myself, was not the father, but a bachelor uncle of the lady, who was to my astonishment, a widow of some twenty-five or six years of age, for I should scarcely have supposed her twenty, in defiance of the invariable melancholy that overshadowed her beautiful countenance, and the sombre hue of her attire. And Carl Vane, a boy of seven or eight, with light auburn curls, and a sunny laughing face, was not her brother, but her son.

"It seems incredible," I ventured to remark one evening when the boy who had grown exceedingly fond of me, and had sometimes gained a reluctant consent to follow me in my rambles, had drawn his mother also down by the lake. "He is much like you, and yet if—you were a little less sad, you would appear to be but a school-girl still." An instant after I was sorry I had spoken; for her pale face flushed up like the glow upon the far off Bernese Alps, as she replied,

"Yes, Carl is my son. And I have lived long enough to pass through many schoolings; and some of them have taxed heart and brain until the marvel is that there is left to me one lineament of youth. He is all that remains to me of interest in this life. It seems to me sometimes that I carry about with me a very contagion of misfortune. And young lady, as you would avoid infection, do not seek me out. Your own sky is cloudless yet, like that of my precious Carl. May the darkness be afar off! See the dear child calls you, and I fear he is happier when I am not by. Go, if you will. I can at least watch him from this cliff." She sat down on an embankment of rock that was here covered with the dark mountain fir; while I turned towards the little fellow who came bounding up to us with a number of snowy pebbles in his hand, and we wandered away together along the strand.

"Do you remember our own country far away across thee waters, where the people all talk as we do, Carl?" I asked; for some Swiss peasants were chanting a wild national air in the distance.

"Where my papa died?" he asked, with the shadow of his mother's look. "Hush! do not let mamma hear us!" he glanced around, and seeing that we had passed out of hearing, he called out to her merrily, waving his hand, and added, "No, I do not remember, I have been always going about, and she does not like to talk to me, about—about long ago, when she was little like I am."

We roamed thus awhile longer—the child prattling in a gay, careless strain, and I listening with the tender interest of a stranger in a strange land, who seldom hears his native tongue, and to whom its slightest word sounds like the pathetic strain of some beautiful but half forgotten song. When we came slowly back at length, the mother's grace and loveliness had never struck me so forcibly as now, that I beheld her sitting among the rocks—a veritable picture of Ariadne, weeping by the lone sea shore when the last sail of Theseus, the false, had disappeared from her sight. So sadly touching was her pose, and so dreamily poetic her look, far away across the emerald lake, that I paused suddenly in the fear of disturbing her, until she glanced around, and beckoned us to her side. The child sprang hastily forward, and clasped his arms about her neck, while I advanced more leisurely, and sank down upon the soft sea moss that imbedded these cliffs.

"Was ever anything so beautiful as this sunset?" said Mrs. Vane, turning towards me as though she could no longer keep silent. "It seems to me that the wildest and most turbulent spirits of earth might come here and find rest—sweet, perpetual rest, even on this side the grave. My poor uncle is quite a victim to my whims, but I cannot bear the thought of leaving this place."

"You have visited other portions of Switzerland?" I said, fearing that I might unwittingly touch upon some painful topic.

"O yes! Twice in my life," she answered, with a readiness that surprised me. "I once passed three months in the single valley of Lauterbrunnen alone. You have been there?"

"Unfortunately no," I replied. "We were contemplating such a visit when a painful accident made of my father the invalid that you see him. Lauterbrunnen is described as a fearfully beautiful place. It is there, I think, that the scene of Byron's Manfred was laid?"

"Yes. Even to unpoetic minds the geology of the Alps must strike the tourist as exceedingly interesting. The strata is so diverse and piled in such whimsical variety of form, from the perfect level where they appear like a wall of finest masonry, to the entire perpendicular where they stand immediately on end, or are twisted into every variety of curve, as if contorted by some fearful volcanic action from below. Then again you find them prostrate, like some fallen pyramid, extended for observation, and exhibiting evidences of having been worn and washed away to their present condition by the erasive action of wind and wave and heat and snow for untold ages. Some of the most striking of these features are to be found in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, where the walls of rock ascend almost perpendicularly, and thus occasion the many waterfalls that confer on it the name, 'Nothing but fountains.' The most celebrated of these falls is, as you perhaps know, the Staubback, or 'dust fall:' so called because the water falling from such a height is all shivered into liquid dust before it reaches the rocks below. It tumbles over a precipice a thousand feet high, and descends in an undulating mist, like a long bridal veil of beautiful lace, swaying back and forth in the wind. And yet there is another precipice of equal height down which the water—greatly increased at this season—must fall ere it comes in sight. It is the Staubback, as you say, that Byron compares to the tail of the white horse in the Apocalypse. It is the loveliest spot of earth to me; and though I remember it as the Swiss in our own country might pine for their beautiful wild mountains, I dare not go there again!"

She had uttered more words in this description, associated as I saw it was with some powerful remembrance in her life, than I had ever heard from her before. And though longing to know something more of her past life, I dared not speak for fear of invoking that cold silence with which she usually repulsed every effort at anything like familiarity. But the caution was needless, for the light had died out of her eyes, and she turned to look for Carl, saying that "it had grown chilly." The boy had wandered down so near to the water's edge that she called to him in some alarm to return to her. He looked back with a bright smile, and turned to remount the rocks, when he seemed to take a false step, and fell down into the waters of the deep green lake. I was frightened beyond expression; but never in my life have I seen such a look of wild, insane terror as came into the face of Miriam Vane. That she would have plunged headlessly into the lake after him if she had possessed strength to move, and thus perhaps have sacrificed her own life with his, I have not a doubt; but fortunately she stood rooted to the spot, deprived even of the power to cry aloud, with her hands stretched out imploringly to the pitiless waves. Among my other accomplishments, at school I had been taught the very unusual one of swimming, and had so often indulged, though always in shallow water, in this exhilarating exercise, that I had been laughingly declared quite an expert. I did not pause to consider the depth of the lake or the declivity of its banks, but screaming as loud as I could for help, I bounded down a few yards to the quay and plunged in. I felt myself sinking at first, but exerting myself with an almost superhuman energy I rose to the surface, and made my way as best I could to where Carl had disappeared from sight. He appeared in a few moments some yards out, his long bright curls floating on the waves, and seemed to be drifting from me. I succeeded at length in grasping him by the arm and holding his head an instant above water, when he caught at me with the proverbial tenacity of one drowning. I got back somehow to the margin of the lake, but I found it impossible to place him on shore or to get out myself, encumbered as I was. "I can keep him above water for a little longer," I called out to Mrs. Vane, who still appeared bereft of her senses. "Cry aloud for help."

The thought of hope seemed at once to awaken her, and the mountains around rang with her wild shrieks as she bounded down to us. "If you would save *him* keep back," I cried. "Keep back, or we must all perish." I could still see her wringing her hands in the wildness of despair, when my strength began to fail and the water in my ears to deafen me. Then there was a dim imperception of things, until I found that some Swiss peasants had drawn us out; and I saw Mrs. Vane lift Carl in her arms, all weighed down with the water as he was, and clasping him tightly to her bosom, refuse all aid as she ran with him back to the hotel.

I was lying in bed the next morning when she came into my room, and bursting into a passion of tears, clasped me in her arms. "If you had saved my life," she said, "I should ever have remembered you as a noble and unselfish woman; but you have rescued my darling from a fearful death, and I owe you the devotion and gratitude of my wretched heart until it shall cease to beat." I comforted her as best I could, telling her how much rejoiced I was to learn that Carl was out of all danger, and promised to come to her room and see him as soon as I should be dressed. The little fellow put his arms about my neck, telling me that "his mamma loved me now, and that I was to be his sister."

I was freely admitted to her society after this event, and we sat together in the morning, or walked out to witness the glorious sunsets together on many an evening when she had composed her nerves sufficiently to permit Carl to venture out of her room, although she held him continually by the hand. Sometimes we would climb an eminence together, almost in absolute silence, and look down on the lakes below, flashing like emeralds, so brilliantly green are they; then on the lower country, with its alternations of light and shade; then on the mountains as the shifting clouds lifted themselves away and disclosed new forms of grandeur; then at the panoramic sky with its vermilion and gold; and realized indeed that I had never seen the glory of a sunset before, or dreamed what a beautiful world our Creator had made. We watched the light as the sun disappeared, glowing like fire on the altars of God, upon the loftier peaks of the Alps, for some moments after it had disappeared from our view; and then the slow fading of this gorgeous coloring from amber and crimson, paler and paler, until the cold gray of the evening settled upon it all. Sometimes we lingered, spell bound, until another aspect was furnished by the moonlight that lit up the white mountains with a sheen of silver; and falling on the mists that began to fill the valley below, with the gleaming lights of the villages reflected in the lake for miles away, formed a vision of unspeakable glory, which, once seen, can never be forgotten! Then we would return with a hushed awe to our rooms, and separate to commune with our own thoughts, rather than with each other.

One evening I found her sitting on the rocks by the lake alone; for Colonel Vane—her uncle—had taken Carl before him on a horse to ride some short distance; and I noticed that the tears were coursing down her cheeks as she looked at something in her hand which seemed to be a miniature. She concealed it as she observed me, and I spoke as though I had not noticed her emotion.

"I find something new every evening in looking at the same view of sky and mountain and lake," said I. "The English, living in an eternal mist on their marshes, used to ridicule Rogers's rhapsodies over the 'sunset' as an affectation; but it was the simple ebullition of a poet's soul; for he had been *here!*"

"Yes," said Mrs. Vane, "I could linger here forever. But I sometimes fear it may be injurious to Carl. He may lose his appreciation of the grand and beautiful by being so accustomed to it from childhood. But—but this lake reminds me so vividly of my early married life; that, though I suffer tenfold here what I do elsewhere, I find myself still lingering from day to day."

In all our intercourse this was the first time I had ever heard her speak of her husband, and her tone seemed rather to invite a conversation.

"He—your husband—died very soon after your marriage?" I ventured timidly. "Carl does not remember him."

"He died to me and to Carl when my little darling was but a year old," she replied in a dreamy tone, "but he lives still to the world."

"How can that be?" I exclaimed. "Is he so unworthy; for he must love you?"

"He never dreams of me. He is married again," she said.

"Married!" I exclaimed in horror. "And you—?"

"I am *a divorced woman*," she replied bitterly. "Yet I cannot tear my heart from him. Look at that face, and see if you wonder that I remember him still."

I took the little velvet case from her hands, and was myself astonished at the manly beauty of the picture it contained. The great dreamy eyes looked at me as if in contempt of any harsh judgment that I might have formed, and the whole face had an expression of high thought and sincerity of purpose that his life must have strangely belied.

"It is indeed a face of singular manly beauty," I replied. "Can the heart be so corrupt?"

"In the first days of our separation I was angry," she said. "But afterwards I did not know that he was so much to blame. I am now sure that he loved another before we ever met, but fancying himself still more smitten by the few charms I may have possessed, he proposed to me in his impetuous style, and we were married in six weeks after we were introduced to each other. I gave him my whole heart, for I had just been released from a convent school, and no man's image had ever shadowed it before. But I soon saw that it had been a passing fancy with him. He had a cousin who lived a few doors from us in the city, with whom his sister and other relations told me he had been supposed to be in love from childhood. I noticed the mutual devotion which they could not disguise the first time I saw them together, and on each subsequent occasion the signs were unmistakable. They could scarcely live out of each other's society. He was still tenderly affectionate in manner to me, it is true, but I knew he assumed that to spare me pain. When he was not at her house she would run over to our room, and sit until such an hour, that he would be compelled to walk with her back. She was a bold, designing woman; and, may Heaven forgive me, but I learned to despise her most cordially. I stood it all until I saw a cloud resting on his brow from day to day, which no effort of mine could banish. Then I grew madly jealous, and began to treat her rudely; but he seemed so hurt that I apologized, and we were seeming friends again. One evening, to bring my story to a close, when Philip was out, and she dared to call the second time, I excused myself, and sent her word that Mr. Danvers would not be home until night. Soon afterwards I saw her speaking to one of our servants, and on inquiry learned she had bribed the girl to deliver a note to my husband without telling me of it. I bade the servant do as she was desired, and Philip arriving soon after, she slipped the note into his hand. He went into another room to read it, and returning immediately asked for his hat and went out, saying simply he might not be back until late. I sat there in my agony for a moment, but I *could not* endure it. I wrapped a shawl about my head, and hurried out, determined to tell Mary Walters what a wretch I knew her to be, in Philip's presence. But when I reached their door, my courage failed me. I crept up to the porch, however; and going to the window blinds, I turned them cautiously and looked in. The curtains were not drawn, and oh! my God, I saw Mary Walters clasped in my husband's arms, while she wept upon his breast. I don't know how I refrained from crying out in my agony, but I think my heart was turned to stone. I crept down as I had come, and going back to my home, I took my babe and a purse of money, and went out into the night again. I could not go to any of my friends who knew me. I remembered that I had a bachelor uncle in Boston, whom I had never seen, but who had always been represented to me as the kindest of men. I made my way to the dépôt, where I found a train ready to start, and travelling thus, I presented myself at my uncle's door, and on my knees told him my story. I extracted from him a solemn promise not to let my husband know where I was. I persuaded him to authorize an attorney to say that I had willfully deserted him, and we embarked again for Europe, where the first year of my married life was passed. My dear uncle has always endeavored to persuade me to seek other scenes, less suggestive of old associations; but he has yielded to me in this, as in all things else. Dear, good soul! Ah, here he comes to meet us with my boy." She bent her graceful form over the child for a few moments to conceal her emotion from the watchful eyes of her uncle, and speedily recovering herself, we returned home. She afterwards told me that her false husband had obtained a divorce, and, as she subsequently learned, had married Mary Walters. She had returned to her maiden name.

We had concluded to remain until spring as we were situated, although my father had entirely recovered. But the weather being unusually mild about Christmas, and pressing letters of business, stating that a great loss of property might be concerned, coming one after another, we resolved upon an expedition almost equal to that of Hannibal, and determined to start at once for France. By the morning of the 24th of December, we had made every arrangement, and at an early hour took carriages for Brienz, over the pass of the Brunig Alp, which, in spite of the recent mildness of the weather, was all covered with snow. It was a long and weary trip, but the road was cut in some places in the side of the precipice, with the rock overhanging it, and we were in this manner screened from the sun, and suffered more from the cold than we otherwise should have done. We emerged, however, sometimes upon a level with pretty Swiss cottages, and the time passed more rapidly. Mrs. Vane, and consequently the Colonel, had determined to accompany us, and we pressed on the more hurriedly to reach Brienz before sundown. Carl sat in our midst, a perfect mountain of shawls and buffalo robes, until the sun shining rather brightly on the level, he loudly demanded the removal of the most of them. As it was early still, Mrs. Vane insisted that we should turn out of the way a little, that we might pass the residence of the world-renowned St. Nikolaus von de Flue, of whom we had heard in our infancy as simple "Santa Claus," or "Kriss Kringle."

I suppose there are many of my readers who have always looked upon this Christmas patron as an absolute myth. And I may relate here, for the edification of such, that the individual so handed down to posterity, did live in this Unterwalden district about the time of the introduction of Christianity in Germany! and that he was a soldier, a Counsellor of State; and in his latter years, a dispenser of alms and a hermit. After his death he was regarded as the patron saint of the whole country. And a portrait of "Brother Klaus"—as he is called by the peasantry—is to be found in almost every cottage. Protestant as I was, I could not help a feeling of veneration as I approached the ancient pile; and listening to Carl's prattle, I recalled what an enviable amount of reverence and love had been given to him, from generation to generation, by thousands of little loving hearts, that devoutly trust in the being and kindness of "Santa Claus," in the merry Christmas time.

We entered the sacred edifice together. Mrs. Vane—whom I have neglected to state was a Roman Catholic, making the sign of the cross frequently, as did Carl, and the rest of us walking with a subdued tread.

"Mother!" whispered the boy, "pray to St. Nikolaus to send you a *nice* Christmas gift. I am going to ask him for some for me, too."

The mother sank on her knees before a picture of the saint, and the child also. I felt a strange thrill run through me. "Happy childhood! Age of illimitable faith!" I thought; and I remembered regretfully the time I grew large enough to regard his saintship as a myth, and to be convinced that my excellent mother had rather more to do with the plumbs and bon-bons that I found thrust into my stocking of a Christmas morning, than he had. But reason whispered me, "Alas! how much of the pernicious materialism of Germany and other parts of the Protestant world to-day, may be attributed to these ridiculous customs of teaching *children* to believe in so many of the superstitions of Paganism, and then undeceiving them. The impressions of childhood, we know, are not durable. Yet when we begin to discover that the things we have believed in so implicitly, are the silliest of hallucinations, can we turn, with as ready a faith, to the canons of a veritable law?" We lingered a few moments longer; and then hurried to our carriages. But the sun had declined rapidly, and the shadows of evening drew on apace. We were still many miles from Brienz, when the darkness set in; and to add to our discomfort, the atmosphere grew suddenly cold. The drivers pressed on their jaded horses, but we were forced to proceed slowly; for the route was in some places exceedingly dangerous. We reached the level, however, and were moving forward more briskly, when a sound broke on our ears like the muttering of distant thunder—then a loud crash—and a long continued roar; the most appalling I had ever heard.

"Ladies, don't be frightened," called out the guard. "It is the falling of some far distant glacier." My nerves were a little reassured, though thoughts of an earthquake or of a mighty avalanche of ice and snow, burying us forever in its depths, had been flashing through my mind but a moment before, when the horses, poor skeletons that they were, maddened with fright, tore frantically about, and instantly upsetting our conveyance, half-carriage, half-sledge, emptied us in the snow, while the tongue of the vehicle was snapped and the whole team started off, despite the efforts of the driver, with the speed of the chamois. We saw in an instant the deplorableness of our situation. The guide on horseback and the two servants on mules were all of the party that remained mounted. "Good God!" said Col. Vane, "what are we to do? Brienz is still five miles distant, and the snow, if we forget the cold, more than a foot deep." It was impossible to accommodate us all, and there was a talk of putting Mrs. Vane and myself on the mules, while the guide should take Carl before him, and leave the rest to walk. But to our dismay the guide declared that the mules had thrown the men once or twice, and would be utterly unmanageable by ladies. Mrs. Vane was wringing her hands in agony, begging her uncle to take the servants' place, while the guide carried Carl, and press on for Brienz. This, however, could not be done, they said. And the servants were to be sent on in quest of horses, while the broken sledge was arranged for a floor, and buffalo robes spread down, while others were left around us. My hands ached so that I cried, and I was begging my father for some wine, when numerous voices were heard approaching.

"The man cannot be returning," said my father, "and we may fall into dangerous hands. Have your weapons ready, gentlemen."

"What is the matter?" cried several voices in German, while my heart thumped almost audibly. "This is rather a cold night for camping in the snow."

"We are benighted travellers," called Col. Vane, "broken down on the road to Brienz, and left without horses, as you see, and with ladies and children."

There seemed to be a dozen or more riders, and there was a few moments' consultation, when my father explained to us that the party of hunters would take us on. He was placed on a powerful horse, while I mounted behind him, two of the men doubling in the same way, and adding a check rein to our bridle, while the Colonel in like manner took Mrs. Vane; and Carl being near her, we cantered off. There was but little conversation, and that in German, until Carl called out something to his mother in our native tongue, and she responded.

"You seem to be English," said a gentleman near us. "The sound of the lady's voice carried me thousands of miles away to my own country."

"Ah!" said my father, "we are well met, then. But I am an American."

"Then we are, indeed, fellow countrymen," said the stranger, "for I also am from the dear old Republic."

I became at once an interested listener, and the time passed so swiftly that I was astonished when the lights of Brienz flashed upon us, and in something less than an hour we dismounted at a comfortable hotel. Mrs. Vane took Carl, who by the way had not suffered a great deal, at once to her room, and ordered supper to be brought to him, while I craved permission to attend the public table. A gentleman whose face I recognized as that of him who first accosted my father, and afterwards engaged him in conversation, came over to our table. When I first looked at him I started, under the impression that I had seen him before; but I knew I must be mistaken when he spoke, as he did occasionally, to Colonel Vane or my father.

"Danvers," called one of the party on the opposite side, "we have a word for you." I felt as if my heart were bursting out of my bosom.

"You look wild," said my father. "What is it?"

"Oh, father, as you love me, take Colonel Vane out a moment with the gentlemen who are leaving, and let me speak one word with the man who has just left us."

"My child, are you mad? A perfect stranger—"

"Father, he is the husband of Mrs. Vane. If his name is Philip Danvers, let me say but one word to him."

"That is the name he gave me, by heavens!"

I saw the man start violently when my father touched him on the arm and he turned back.

"Can I serve you in any way?" he asked, with the shadow of a smile lighting up his imperial face.

"Did you ever know *Miriam Vane?*" I asked, coldly.

"My God! young lady, do you know to whom you speak? I am her husband."

"You *were* her husband, hardhearted man!" I exclaimed. "Leave this house before she sees you, in heaven's name; for she is here!"

"Where? oh, where?" he cried, wildly. "Let me clasp her in my arms once more—but once more!"

"Villain!" I said, quite forgetting myself. "Do you remember that you are or have been the husband of another?"

"Tell me in heaven's name what you mean?" he cried. "I have never loved but her—have never thought of wedding another, and have sought her through the wide, wide world for six long years!"

"Can this be true?" I said. "She declares that she left you because of your love for Mary Walters. And that a divorce being afterwards obtained you had married again."

"Oh! poor Miriam! poor Miriam!" he said brokenly. "What must she not have suffered! Young lady, it is all a cruel mistake. Mary Walters was never anything to me but a very dear relation. My only brother was engaged to and afterwards married her. And the very night my wife left home I had gone to this cousin's house to tell her that her unfortunate, dissipated brother had been guilty of a felony, and had been shot dead in resisting the officers. Mary had wished to see me about that. I even suffered the report of a divorce to reach my wife, in the hope that she would no longer conceal her place of residence, and that I might explain all to her. With the vigilance of a deathless love I traced her to Switzerland, and yet have looked in vain for her. Oh! if you have a woman's heart, let me see my darling."

"Wait," I said, for there was a power of conviction in his words that left me no room to doubt. "Let me break it to her, or she would lose her reason." Cautioning him to remain below, I went up to her room and tapped lightly at the door. She stood before the fire, with a soft smile upon her lips, arranging the gifts of "Santa Claus" for Carl.

"Poor darling!" she said as she looked up at me. "St. Nicholas will answer his prayers through me. And *you* came, I suspect, imagining me asleep, to fulfil a second apostleship?"

"Yes," I replied. "And I hope I may claim the blessing of him who bringing glad tidings. I have met some travellers from our own country below stairs, and was surprised to find that they knew something of our—of *your* history."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a touching sigh. "Can I never escape from it?"

"You had never told me that your husband had a brother?" I said, as composedly as I could.

"Did I not? But let us not speak of it *this* evening."

"I *must* tell you, Miriam, that for years you have labored under a mistake. *That brother* married Mary Walters. It was not your husband. He has been true to you."

"Why do you tell me this now? IS HE DEAD?"

"No, no, Miriam! Listen to me. He is—"

"*Here!*" said a deep voice, as the door was thrown open, and Philip Danvers entered. "Here, my beloved!"

Miriam looked up wildly, and stretched out her arms. When I could see through my tears, she had fainted on his breast.

I crept out and left them thus.

It was CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE HAUNTED WING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

Mass'l jus' please hol' his hoss a little. We're comin' to de catarac. "Don't gen'ly come down dis way," apologized Cæsar, "but de woods is dark dis time o' night."

But the horses proceeded with tolerable composure, though the ground trembled, and at the next opening of the densely bordered road, the cataract foamed full in their faces. Ostervald looked at it with a cold curiosity. It was a fine sight. He wondered if it came within the Singleton estate.

"How much farther is it to Lovesdale?" he asked.

"Bout a mile, massa. Not more'n dat?"

"What is the road?"

"Road's straight ahead, massa. De only place on dis road for tree miles. Couldn't miss it."

Ostervald drew rein.

"You may take the horses back, now," he said, dismounting. "I will walk the rest of the way."

Cæsar rolled his eyes; but tumbled to the ground.

"Lonesome kin' o' way, massa," he ventured.

Ostervald took no notice.

"You said you knew that Mr. Singleton was at home," he remarked, interrogatively."

"O, yes, massa Singleton's at home, 'cause dere's a heir jus' born to him," grinning. "Leastways, he ain't gone way over dis road, 'cause Sal an' I see eberting goes pas' our cabin."

Ostervald placed some coin in his hand. "For the use of the horses and your services," he said. "That is all I require of you."

Cæsar pulled his woolly forelock, and vaulting upon his own nag, led the other after him, as he started briskly in the opposite direction; for he was secretly quite glad to be out of the situation. It was a lonesome spot, and five miles of already darkening road lay before him before he reached his cabin.

Ostervald wrapped his cloak about him, for the spray made the air chilly, and walked on.

The trees arched over his head. The damp air blew cold among their foliage. There was not the sound of a bird or chirp of insects.

He walked steadily on, evidently with busy thought and intent purpose.

"An heir," he muttered, with contracted brow. He had begun to ascend a long hill. Before him, in the distance, loomed a stately house. His cold, bright-blue eyes watched it as he advanced, and at length he saw a faint twinkle of light from one of the windows. He had reached an arched iron gate then, which he passed through. An owl hooted and flew over his head. He heard a dog baying.

The lawn was covered with half distinguished masses of low shrubbery, through which he walked for a great length, following the winding drive. He saw, even in the darkness, how isolated was the house. A few great trees stood against it. The entrance was deep and hidden, and one of the wings faced a wood, black, and apparently impenetrable.

Ostervald stood under the windows and thought he heard a woman singing a lullaby.

The dog continued to bay hoarsely at intervals. The trees shivered. The moon came out of a rift of cloud and showed Ostervald's pale, cold face and silent, lingering figure.

He stopped under the deep trellis of the door at last, and tried to open it. It was stoutly barred. The woody vine around him shook its broad foliage in his ears. He knocked at the door and waited.

A negro girl with a light soon appeared.

"Mass Singleton?—yes, massa. 'Spect he's in de library. Might go right in an' see him."

She knocked at an inner door, opened it, and motioned for Ostervald to enter. As he did so, he heard her running hastily up the stairs.

He stepped within the door, and closed it after him.

The walls were shelved with books; in their centre was a single shaded light upon a table laden with books. The light shone on the open pages of one, and upon the face of a man, half lifted from its perusal, and turned towards the open door. Ostervald closed the door, and Perry Singleton rose to his feet.

He could see his visitor only dimly. The room was almost dark, but for the spot of light upon the table.

He was a scholarly, chivalric, handsome man; small, dark, graceful. He looked like a courtly legendary prince as he stood with his white, ringed hand upon the table, leaning towards his guest with an air of inquiry.

Ostervald's motions were slow, his glance baneful.

"Perry Singleton, do you know me?" he asked.

Like the putting out of a light, the smile was smitten from Singleton's face. Astonishment and a blank incredulity spread over his features.

The other came nearer. With a convulsive cry of horror, Singleton sprang aside, and then reeled senseless to the floor.

PART SECOND.

JUDY'S NARRATIVE.

Dere nebber was more stories tole 'bout a place den 'bout Lovesdale. Deres dem dat 'spects, an' dem dat know Lovesdale's haunted. But dere didn't used to be no sich work here. When Mass Perry Singleton brought his bride here, dere wasn't no ghost, an' no midnight cryin'. I have my doubt, 'bout dat Mass Ostervald what's come here. I don't like him. He ain't no like Mass Singleton wid his soft black eyes an' his quick smile. O, Mass Perry Singleton!—wheresebber did you go?

Mass Singleton out in de lib'ry dat night dat Mass Ostervald come. He tole the misses dat he was gwine to hunt in one ob his big books for de meanin' of a name dey was a gwine to gib de baby. Missis was powerful weak; she was young to be a mudder. An' good Lord, how she failed when Mass Singleton went.

I can't make it clar' no way, but 'taint for ne like ob me to say much. But Mass Singleton loved his wife an' chile. He didn't hab no debts. Dere wasn't no reason why he should go kill hisself. If he was made very ill, 'twas nebber done by his own hand. If he got crazy, or runned away wid any odder woman, we'd hear ob it, somehow.

Dat night Mass Ostervald come, didn't Mass Perry call, "Come, Judy!" way he allus does when I knocked at de lib'ry door?—cause he knows my knock. Dat was de night he disappeared; but I heard talkin', talkin' in dat room till four o'clock in de mornin'. An' don't I know dat Mass Ostervald's bed dat night nebber was tumbled?

Well, he was Mass Singleton's fren', come to stay, he said nex' mornin'. He 'pear'd powerful anxious when Mass Singleton couldn't be found, he did. But you can't fool Judy! I've got white blood in my veins, I has. An' I can read an' write, as I'm writin' now, to hide dis paper where it'll be foun' sometime after I'm safe out o' de way. I'm gwine to tell all I know, jess as I'd speak if I had a frien' to trust.

But niggers nebber has dat, nohow.

Mass Singleton went out o' de house dat night, shure! But I don't biebe 'twas ebber spread 'bread much. Pomp said de officers would come from below, an' search de house; but dey didn't. Pomp, he tried to move away after dat; an' mass Ostervald brought him back an' had him whipped. An' dere ain't been no whipping done in dis house afore for fifteen years; not since ole mass lived. I know, cause I was born here. An' none of us don't love Mass Ostervald.

Dey searched for Mass Singleton, oh, yes! Mass Ostervald an' Pomp an' Sam. I was takin' care o' missis wid de fever, and de little one dyin' on my hands! Ole Aunt Chloe said it wouldn't live, an' it didn't, poor lamb! An' after it died, missis went crazy for weeks.

Well, we's a poor, helpless set, we niggers! Mass Ostervald has jess made hisself master here, an' we mind him.

I hope he eats enough. Dere's five meals carried to his room ebery day—breakfes', luncheon, dinner, supper, an' a luncheon gin in de night. He's got all mass' books an' papers in his room. He must ha' got dem by heart by dis time, I tink. He's a studyin' em till midnight.

It's a musty old room he's got—de fust one in de norf wing. You has to go thro' it to get to any ob de odders. But no one troubles Mass Ostervald. Dat wing nebber was used, an' now it's haunted.

Somefin's got into dat wing. It's a bad plan to hab empty rooms in a house. Dey's big an' ole, an' set off by demselves, an' dey's got haunted. I know dey has, 'cause I went roun' to de norf of de house one moonlight night to get some fir balsam 'mong de trees for my cough. It was pesky dark, cause de trees is all in a pile 'gainst de house. 'Twas dem a-rubbin' 'gainst de walls what Pomp an' Sam heard. Dey said dere was groanin' round dere. I jess said to myself, "'Twas de trees," when *I* began to get scared.

But I was scrabblin' to get 'way when I heard a sound trees nebber made—no, nebber! 'Twas a sharp screech, like as one's heart is breakin'. O, it was awful! Well, I jess picked up my heels an' run, wid dat soun' ringin' in my ears to dis day.

Missis was better den. 'Twas two months since Mass Singleton went. She was creeping 'bout de house like her life was gone. She was a noble-lookin' woman, was missis, when she came to Lovesdale—goldy hair, an' eyes soft and kind—do' she was stately-like. Dat's what Mass Perry Singleton used to call her—his "stately Valor." Miss Valor Lee had been a orphan governess in New Orleans, but mass loved her and married her. Ole mass, he didn't like it, but he didn't live long to trouble anybody.

Dey was ebber happy, dem two. I nebber wish to see two lub each odder better. When de baby come, purty as a leetle flower, dey didn't ask no more in dis world, I know.

O, de great God, he knows what it all means! Judy don't.

Well, I come in to missis dat night, scared powerful bad. But when I see how pale she looked, I jess said nuffin'. I didn't like to tell her no more bad tidings. Dere she sat, lookin', lookin' out de winder, as if she 'spected mass back ebery minute. An' dere's where she sits ebery day.

I see Mass Ostervald bendin' over her chair sometimes. He 'pears mighty kind. I knows, I knows! *She* don't re'lize, poor child, dat Mass Ostervald considers her a rich widder. She's lookin', lookin' for Mass Singleton back.

No wonder dere's a cryin' an' a screechin' in dat haunted wing.

PART III.

VALOR'S JOURNAL.

Monday.—My God, my God, take me, too! That is all my prayer!

Where is my husband? Is he alive or dead? My child! I know too well that that—is dead, for I have been to its little grave, where the violets are already growing. But where is Perry?

O, heaven, remove this fearful curse! Was not my happiness pure, that it should be snatched from me?

I wander about these desolate, echoing rooms. They are old and gloomy: I never knew it before. The roof seems a weight upon my aching head. I think sometimes I must escape from this place. O, I believe I am becoming insane!

I am so weak it wearies me to walk. My chair is opposite the west window. I sit there so that if Perry should return, I can see and go to meet him. Even though he has been ungrateful to me, I love, I love him still!

O, but I fear that he is *dead*, *dead*, DEAD!

Tuesday.—What a terrible curse has fallen upon us! I believe that Lovesdale has become a home for demons.

Last night, as I lay awake, I heard a horrible cry echo on the still night air. I sprang from my pillow and leaned from the casement. Again it rang out; the voice of an agony sharp as my own. It quivered through my heart like a lance. I struggled to go to its relief. But the sound seemed to come from the air. I looked up at the arching trees. They were troubled. Then all was still—and the stillness weighed ominously upon me.

I try to think to-day, that it was the cry of a night-bird that I heard; but no, no, 'twas a human voice. And no human being lives within five miles of Lovesdale. The road winds at a long distance from the house. And I sent a servant on horseback, in every direction, this morning, to see if some one had not been murdered in the vicinity. He came back with no news; and I was not surprised. That cry rebounded from my roof trees. *It was close at hand.*

This evening, just at dusk, I stole out of the house for a breath of open air. My faithful Judy followed me with a wrap, which I could not be persuaded to put on; the wind was so soft and balmy. I turned towards the grove, which pushes too near the house; but Perry liked its shade and shelter. I turned to it, drawn by its balsamic scent, and a sense of rest and protection which its great trees always gave me; but it was very dark under the dense firs, and the expression of Judy's face attracted my attention.

"Are you afraid?" I asked her. Just then I heard voices talking, voices that came from the air—for no human being was in sight. Judy cared then, and screeched, and ran away. I came away, too, for a dread and chill took possession of me. Something strange and mysterious surrounds me. All the air seems to me full of meanings I cannot read. Is Perry dead—and is it the secret of his death which invisible spirits have brought to this place? Do they surround me now, whispering what I cannot hear? The taper flickers out in my chamber. My maid has fallen asleep in the dressing-room. But a stroke of this tiny bladed penknife in my hand, and I should go among them—could hear all they say—perhaps could find *him!* How blue the veins are in my arm! I have been looking at them. The knife is sharp; a very little cut would let the life blood gush out. Was it a demon whispered that? I will say my prayers. I need not sin, though I have been chastised, even though my chastening seems harder than I can bear.

PART FOURTH.

OSTERVALD'S THOUGHTS.

Most men would think, I suppose, that I am playing a difficult game. It is not difficult to me. I know the nature of men so well, there are few I cannot command.

Perry Singleton is not one of the few. He is sensitive, delicate, and succumbs to any great force. He had long been a prey to secret remorse, and his susceptible organization placed him instantly in my power when I appeared so unexpectedly to him that night. He thought I was a ghost—the spirit of my brother—my brother Ronald, whom he fought a duel with, and left for dead on the field. Ronald did not die; but he went so secretly to Paris, that the world ranks him dead. He loved Valor Lee, as all men who know her do; he knew that Singleton would be conscience-stricken, believing that he had killed him—that he would suffer; it was a mean revenge I think. But Ronald was always hot-blooded and mean; not like me, who am cold, calculating, and remorseless. I would never put a thorn in my enemy's side to prick him all his life—I would kill him outright.

When Singleton saw my face, which is much like what Ronald's used to be, or looks so in a half light, he fell in convulsions. I locked the door, and devoted myself to restoring him. He recovered consciousness—but was in a highly wrought, nervous state. I told him that he had no time to lose—that the law had demanded his arrest—that he must flee or conceal himself. Learning that there was a remote and empty wing to the house, I led him there, and locking him in, left him more dead than alive. In the morning he was missed, and I assisted in the search.

Valor was recovering from the birth of her child. She had a brain fever; the child died. Now she has recovered, and is free.

For Singleton cannot live long. His mental misery is rapidly wearing him out, and the physical confinement wastes his strength and hastens dissolution. He talks to himself—cries out hysterically. At other times he is exhausted, and apathetically calm. At first he begged for his wife. I told him, first, that she had gone away—then, that, learning of his guilt, she had deserted him. Yes, he will soon die, and then I will explain to her that he was insane, coveted her life, and I was obliged to deceive to protect her. She believes me an old and dear friend of her husband. I show my familiarity with his past life. Slowly and cautiously I win her confidence. Yes, soon I shall be really, as I am now nominally, the master of Lovesdale. It is a most magnificent but carelessly managed estate. And the beautiful widow will be a welcome incumbrance.

PART FIFTH.

PERRY SINGLETON'S HEART.

And she has *deserted* me! Now I long only for the day of my death.

This is the first of October, Ostervald says. I am thirty years old to-day. It is young for a man to die; but I ask to live no longer. O, the horrors that encompass me! O, the woe that has fallen upon me! I am lashed with anguish. I am mad with pain.

To think what has been! the free air, her sweet companionship, a father's joy. I feel myself breaking into insane laughter, and then I see Ostervald looking at me, speculating if my mind be quite gone.

My little son he says, is dead. Did Valor weep when she missed the small, soft form from her arm, the little lips from her breast? O, Valor, my wife that I loved with my heart's best love, come to me! O, darling of my life, were we not pledged for both worlds? and now you have *deserted* me!

Two meals Ostervald brings me, and he brings a short, sharp knife with them, to cut the bread, he says—but that knife—I have measured it—is long enough to reach my heart. It shall do a better work than cutting bread to-night.

I am worn out. I must end the struggle.

Let me try to think how all this came about, that I, Perry Singleton, of Lovesdale, should die by my own hand, a ruined man. There seems a dark, threatening shadow at a distance, but my brain is numb. I can recall the past, with any degree of clearness, only by an effort.

It is three years since I first met Valor, my wife, then a governess residing with the Deblors, of New Orleans. If I had met her a beggar in the street, I should have loved her. Her heart was as golden as her hair; she had the step of a princess, the smile of an angel. I dare think of her no longer, but of Ronald Ostervald.

My weak heart strengthens with a spasm of hatred as I recall him. He was handsome, weak-minded, mercurial. He chose to fall in love with Valor—but she was only a governess, while he was one of the heirs to a large fortune, and of southern blue blood. He was already engaged to a New Orleans heiress. But at his club he boasted of his intentions regarding Valor. I heard of it, and threw my glove in his face. A meeting was appointed. Ronald Ostervald came with his brother. My second was named Lane. Ronald Ostervald and I exchanged shots. I was unharmed; he fell upon his face, dead.

To escape arrest I instantly fled from the city. I made a trip to Mexico.

A year later I met Valor in one of the northern cities, where she was visiting a friend. She confessed her love for me; we were instantly married, and I brought her to Lovesdale. My old father had other plans for me, but he learned to love Valor before he died.

The fear has always haunted me that I might be arrested for Ronald Ostervald's death. I never have forgotten how he looked lying dead. His face was turned down upon the grass, his eyes closed, the blood welled from his mouth. I have prayed to be forgiven for killing him, and yet if he had lived until to-day to utter a word against Valor's fair fame, I would kill him again!

In memory of that act I have avoided New Orleans. Valor never asked for social gayeties; was ever happy in this secluded spot, with her work, my love—and, afterwards, our child. But the blow has fallen at last.

It shall be followed by my speedy and sure death.

PART SIXTH.

THE DRAMA'S LAST PAGE.

Valor Singleton lay upon a couch in the old library of Lovesdale. The red covering of the couch and the sunset's light gave a brief glow to her emaciated face. Her rich, curling hair was knotted back from her hollow temples—her slender hands lay locked upon her breast. She looked more like some saintly form in marble than a living woman asleep.

So Ostervald thought coming softly into the room.

After a moment she opened her dark eyes with a slowness and weariness peculiar to persons who are ill. In an instant their glance fell upon Ostervald. She closed them again more wearily than she had opened them. He spoke to her:

"Your strength does not increase. You must go out in the carriage."

"I shall not go," she answered in a low tone, after a moment.

"Why not?"

"I do not wish to live. It is my only comfort to watch daily my strength's decline."

A spark of anger flashed in Ostervald's eyes.

"She means to die! But she shall not cheat me so," he muttered.

He had turned toward the window and stood looking over the wide grounds of Lovesdale.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the hall door. Valor started up, her dark eyes wide open with alarm. Ostervald turned hastily, too, and after a moment slipped from the room.

Valor leaned from the open door and listened. Four men had entered the house. They demanded the arrest of one Paul Ostervald who was known to be there.

Valor presented herself. The men treated her with deference, but repeated their errand. She said:

"Paul Ostervald is here. What has he done?"

"He is accused of murder—of having poisoned his mother."

They were already searching.

"The key to this door," said the leader. It was the door of Ostervald's room.

"It is locked upon the other side," said Valor.

"There is no time to be lost. Force it," was the command.

The gaping servants shrank back, but the men put their stout shoulders to the door. It creaked and fell with a crash. The apartment opened was warm and dark. A faint light from a window whose red curtain was pulled away showed the couch, a table full of glasses and viands, the quaint faded pattern of the carpet.

After a slight survey of this apartment, the officers passed hastily through. The next room was quite empty; a third they entered with a cry.

The mistress of Lovesdale and her servants had followed these intruders in their round. Valor saw them seize upon the person of Ostervald as he was about escaping from the window among the thick boughs of the trees. But her amazed eyes caught and fastened upon a pale form that lay extended upon a couch.

"Perry! Perry!" she shrieked, wildly.

He was alive—he gazed at her—put out his quivering hand. She took one step towards him, and fell fainting upon the floor beside the couch where he lay.

Her servants gathered around her. The officers had already secured Ostervald with handcuffs.

"Who sent you here?" he asked, cool even then.

"Captain Ronald Ostervald, your brother," replied they.

Singleton started up at the sound of that name.

"Ronald Ostervald! *Is he alive?*" he cried.

"Alive and well, sir. This man poisoned his mother four years ago to obtain an inheritance. It has just been discovered, and will be proved without a doubt."

Perry Singleton took his pallid wife to his breast. She opened her dark eyes.

"Perry," she murmured.

"Valor," he answered.

The sound of each other's voice was sweeter than the songs of angels would have been.

The thorough restoration of both took but a few weeks. Their enemy had been borne far away. They never saw him again, for his crime received the full punishment of the law.

◆

☞ There are "Monogram muffs" advertised.

☞ A mouse in Belfast, Maine, was found the other day frozen stiff upon a hammer. Investigation showed that in picking up something that lay on the iron head of the hammer, the tongue of the mouse had frozen to it, and being unable to get away, it died.

☞ An eminent physician says that a good coat of gum arabic mucilage applied every night to corns will, in a short time, cause the pests to take their final departure.

☞ When she was interrogated as to whether she had brought a mandamus to compel the reception of her vote, Tennie Claflin is said to have replied, "No; but no man-d—n-us shall prevent our voting." Oh, Tennie!

☞ A young lady's sentiments—If it was not good for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how very criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

☞ The Cincinnati "Gazette" relates how a young lady of that city, fifteen years since, while visiting a friend in New York, left her finger-rings upon her wash-stand, and not hearing from her friend relative thereto, inferred that the chambermaid had appropriated them. Last week the Cincinnati lady received a letter from a New York old bachelor uncle, enclosing a letter fifteen years old, written by her old New York friend, conveying the missing rings. The letter had been entrusted to the uncle, and he had put it in his pocket, and from that receptacle it passed into a mass of old papers, where it had slept quietly ever since.

☞ Marshall McMahon is a great devourer of snuff, and when he lost the battle of Woerth he was not half as disconcerted as at the loss of his snuff-box. He is also a prodigious smoker, consuming forty cigarettes daily.

☞ Black friars—Colored cooks.

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

THE STORM.

The good ship Starlight had made an excellent run from China across the Pacific, and now, as we look down upon her, the Captain is assuring his two passengers—a lady and gentleman—that in less than one day more, the coast of California would be in sight, and then a very short interval would elapse ere they should cast anchor in the great harbor of the wonderful city of San Francisco.

"But I must leave you now," he added, "and try to catch a few hours sleep, the last I shall get until we anchor; for, you know, a Captain's post is no sinecure, especially when nearing a coast. This breeze is somewhat fresh, Mr. Shannon, had you not better persuade your wife to seek her cabin?"

"He had better attempt no such thing," laughed the lady, "for he will certainly fail. Our little May is asleep, and there being no reason why I should go below just now, I intend to remain here."

"Be it so, fair wife! 'A wilful woman maun has her way.' Good-night, Captain, we shall not be very long, I fancy, in following your example."

"We shall be here until the Eve is passed, and Christmas Day fairly ushered in, Captain. He knows nothing about it, except indeed that he will obey me! 'Au revoir.'"

The sailor went below, and the young couple resumed their walk on the cleanly deck, speaking in loving, eager accents of the home in Canton which they had left, and of the new home towards which they were momently approaching, more and more nearly.

"I am so glad that the firm chose you to attend to their business in San Francisco, Harry," said Mrs. Shannon. "I was so tired of Canton, and then it is so much pleasanter to live among your own countrymen. And don't you see Harry, that our little May will be so much better off. There are good schools in Frisco, and"—

She was interrupted by a merry laugh from her husband.

"Come back, little wife, come back! Your thoughts are too swift for me. They have carried you away off into the future. How old is Miss May, I pray you, gentle lady, that you talk of sending her to school?"

"Two years!" laughed the young mother. "Why, how foolish I am, Harry, to be sure!"

It will be time enough to think of a school for our little darling, six years from now," and, she added, more seriously, "who knows what may happen in that period? Let us go down to our stateroom, Harry, the air is growing very damp."

It was a dark, gloomy night, and as the hours wore on, the heavy bank of clouds that, at sunset, had scarcely been visible in the horizon, crept upwards, stealing slowly nearer and nearer, until the deep blackness that had settled down upon the sea, seemed to become yet more palpable.

The strong breeze which had borne the gallant ship so rapidly on her course, suddenly fell away, leaving her tossing on the long, heavy swell with barely enough of motion to give her steerage way.

The mate ever and anon paused in his steady walk to glance upward at the threatening aspect of the heavens, shaking his head the while, as if ill satisfied with the result of his observations.

Another glance and another, and then as a low murmuring sound from the far distance struck upon his practised ear, the mate with startling energy summoned all hands to furl every sail.

Nearer and nearer came that strange murmur, growing louder and louder each passing instant, until it arose into one swelling roar of terrible import—the voice of a mighty monster seeking its prey.

Death challenging the angel of life to mortal combat.

"We shall have it in a moment, sir," said the mate, as his commander came hastily on deck. "Ah! sir, I fear this gale that is racing down on us, I do! old salt that I am. I fear it. We sailed on a Friday, and besides there was a rainbow this morning, sir, and that bodes the sailor ill, you know. Heavens! what a terrific peal of thunder that was."

"Hold on, men, hold fast for your lives," shouted the captain, and even as he spoke the tempest burst upon them in all its grand fury.

The Starlight trembled from truck to keel as she bent beneath its force, until she lay almost broadside upon the waters.

For an instant it seemed that she could never right again—that her stately masts would point heavenward no more.

But her hour was not yet come, and ere the captain's mandate to cut away the masts could be obeyed, she slowly rose from the seething waves, and then, shaking like an affrighted steed, bounded away before the gale.

The seas piled up around and behind her, and the wind, snatching the waves from their tops, hurled them fiercely over her decks.

Briefly and coolly the captain issued his orders, standing by the five sturdy men at the wheel as they struggled to retain command of the driven, storm-tossed vessel, leaping over the great billows and never pausing in the race, the terrible race with death.

Ah! who should win? God only knew! It was a fearful, fearful night, and the bravest heart trembled as the tempest howled and shrieked through the rigging in fiendish exultation over the prey which it claimed for its own.

In the midst of the turmoil Henry Shannon crept upon deck, in the vain hope that he might glean from the captain's greater experience some "crumbs of comfort" with which to cheer his young wife's shrinking heart.

But the stout sailor shook his head. "We are doing our best, sir," he said. "I wish I could say that I *believe* all will end well. I *hope* it will; but the issue is with God, it must be as He wills."

So the young man went sorrowfully down to the cabin again; and as the wild, mad night wore away and Christmas morning dawned upon the world, it found him still at his post, forgetful of self, intent only upon soothing the dear wife who clung to him for the protection he was powerless to afford, their one ewe lamb clasped tightly in her arms the while.

CHRISTMAS MORNING! Ah! it was hard to realize it!

Hard to believe that while all over the world millions were rejoicing and making merry, they, *they* who had thought to rejoice as well, were being borne onward to their death, amidst the mad turmoil of the elements.

CHRISTMAS DAY! Could it be? Dare the winds shriek in wanton fury, the waves leap in unhallowed glee, the lightning flash, the thunder roar in wild exultation at the dire extremity of those whom God has called His children?

On and on flees the doomed ship, on and on until, close ahead, is heard the deafening roar of breakers.

And now comes the greatest struggle of all, a hand to hand fight with Death.

Every nerve of the Starlight's sturdy crew is strained to the utmost, but alas! in vain, and at length they desist in utter despair.

A crash! another and another! and then, as Henry Shannon rushed wildly upon deck, bearing his wife and child, there comes a terrible rending and tearing as of shattered timbers, and the vessel with one last groan parts amidships; and—how it chanced he never knew—the young husband was torn violently from his dear ones and cast senseless upon the broken, wave-washed quarter deck.

SUNSHINE.

Christmas day once more!

No storm o'ershadows the heavens now, as Henry Shannon stands gazing out from his hotel balcony upon the busy streets of the great South America city of Lima.

He has been a great traveller during the last few years of his life, an observant voyager—never pausing long in one place, but ever hurrying onward with a restless energy that seemed to bid defiance to fatigue and exhaustion.

Over mountain and plain, from hamlet to hamlet, from city to city, had he journeyed, asking in each the self-same questions, instituting eager inquiries, and pausing only to receive a final answer ere he pressed on again.

But in Lima he had made a longer stay; for from the day of his landing he had lain ill almost unto death—cared for and tenderly nursed by the American residents to whom the hotel proprietor made his case known.

Foremost among these kind "friends in need," stood the physician who had attended upon, and by God's blessing, restored him to health.

So now, on this calm, still, beautiful Christmas day, Henry Shannon was awaiting his friend's daily visit—a visit more of friendship than of necessity—for the patient was so far convalescent that Doctor White had promised to accompany him in a short walk, when the sun should be lower, and the heat less intense.

The appointed hour had now arrived, and just as Shannon was beginning to feel somewhat impatient, the doctor entered the room.

"Ready, I see," he said, cheerily, wiping the perspiration from his brow; "but it is still intensely hot. It will be more sensible to postpone our walk for half an hour still. Ha! waiter, what is that you say? Some one wishes to see me? a child, and has followed me from my office? Well, well, I will go down to her."

"No, no, you are tired, doctor. Send her here, waiter," said Shannon.

She entered the room a moment after—a fair, delicate child, with golden ringlets hanging about a face of exquisite beauty.

Her simple white dress betokened comfort, rather than affluence—and her every movement bespoke her of gentle birth and breeding.

"Well, my child, it is you, is it? Surely you have not come to tell me that your dear mother is ill?"

"Oh! no, doctor. She wants to see you about something, business, she said; and I was to be sure to find you—so I came here. Adois!"

And, glancing timidly at the stranger who sat so quietly in a corner, the child kissed her hand to her old friend, and bounded away.

"Shannon! Shannon?" exclaimed the doctor, shaking him by the shoulder, "rouse up! what is the matter? Rouse up, rouse up."

Slowly, like one awakening from some strange dream, Henry Shannon shook off the stupor that had seized upon him.

"Doctor, who—who is that child?"

The physician looked wonderingly upon the agitated man; then he rose, and pouring out a glass of wine, bade him drink it.

"You are still very weak; take this," he said, "it will strengthen you. And now I will answer your question. I do not wonder at your being attracted towards my sweet little friend. Here is a strange, sad story.

"Some ten years ago, a vessel in which her mother was a passenger, was lost off the coast of California, and they two were the only ones saved. After several days of suffering they were taken from a portion of the floating wreck, by a steamer bound for this port; and here the bereaved lady has since remained. Bereaved, I say—for, during the illness which made me personally acquainted with her—she told me that her husband was lost at sea, at the time she herself had so nearly perished.

"Having been a friendless orphan when he married her, she had no reason for wishing to return to her native land, but thought it better to settle down here, where her sad story had opened all hearts towards her, and secured her a sufficiency of pupils to support herself and child. She is a genuine lady, such as we seldom meet—and although she has many warm friends in Lima, she has none warmer than myself."

"What is her name?" asked Shannon, who had listened with breathless interest.

"Her name? why, her name is— Bless my heart! so it is—"

And the good doctor rose excitedly from his chair.

"Her name? To be sure, it is the same as—*as yours, Shannon!*"

"The same as mine? Great heavens? Her first name?"

"Her given name is Alice, her child's, May; and— Bless my heart, the man has fainted! Is he crazy, or what does all this mean?"

"Doctor, doctor," gasped Shannon, as he recovered consciousness, "take me to them, quick, quick! In mercy, haste. See, I am stronger now. They are mine, my wife and child. Ten years ago," he continued, as they hastened along the streets; "ten years ago this very day, ay! at almost this very hour, the cruel waves tore us asunder, and I, who was rescued a day later by a coasting vessel, believed myself to be the only one saved from the wreck. Believed myself so, until some five years ago, when a series of strange dreams—visions I might call them—impressed me with the conviction that my dear ones yet lived. Oh! doctor, men thought me mad, because I deputed another to carry on my business, and myself set forth on the search for my treasures, in the firm belief that sooner or later God would lead me to them. And now—oh! doctor, doctor, can I be mistaken? Can it be? If so, I shall go mad indeed!"

"Do not fear it. There can be no doubt. And now, calm yourself, my friend. Here we are."

With a warning gesture Doctor White pushed open the door, and at once the two gentlemen found themselves in the presence of the lady they sought.

Her back was turned towards them, but she rose at the sound of their footsteps, and advanced to greet her old friend.

But the greeting died away upon her lips, and her blue eyes seemed about to start from their sockets, while little May gazed upon her mother with a mute wonder, not unmixed with fear.

Slowly, step by step, as though drawn towards him by some strange fascination, she approached the trembling man whose arms were silently opened to receive her.

"My husband! My beloved."

"My wife—oh! Thank God!"

The good old doctor drew his arm hastily and suspiciously across his eyes, and then abruptly withdrew, clearing his throat vigorously as he went.

"Bless my heart!" he muttered, "it almost made a baby of me. I very nearly blubbered right out. Well, there are two—nay (for I must not forget little May) *three* happy hearts in Lima on this beautiful Christmas day. Only *three?*—*yours* ought to be the fourth, doctor, and—well, yes, I am happy, too. And I— Ah! May, is this you, chasing me in this insane manner? I'm ashamed of you, running, actually running in the street!"

"Why did you walk so fast then?" panted the child. "Papa—oh! how queer it seems to have a real papa, like other girls!—papa says you must come back, and mamma says so too. So come, come quick. Doctor," she continued, turning her great blue eyes, so like her mother's, up to his—"isn't papa splendid, and did you ever see mamma look so pretty before?"

"I never did, my child," said the doctor, "she is very happy now; that is the reason why she looks so much prettier and better."

And the kind physician sighed, for, whatever secret hopes he might have cherished towards the gentle young widow, they were all shattered now.

He rejoiced in her happiness, but withal, he could not but mourn for his own, in silence and secrecy.

"Come, doctor," said Henry Shannon, as May drew her captive into the apartment he had so lately quitted. "We cannot have you run from us in this manner. You must sit quietly down, and spend the remainder of this glorious anniversary—our Saviour's birthday, with us. We want you to share in our rejoicings, that after our long affliction, God has guided us from out the storm, and led us into the sunshine."

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MORMON WIVES.

George Alfred Townsend writes to the Cincinnati Commercial from Utah:

"Brigham Young's most noted wife is called Amelia; she is a vivacious, spirited woman, about thirty-two years old, American born, and without children. Another of the president's wives is Mrs. Decker, who retains indication of much former beauty, and her daughters are the handsomest of Brigham's children. The old gentleman looks out well for avocations for his sons-in-law, and it is said that in his will he has divided all his property into seven hundred shares, giving the bulk of it to the church, and distributed the rest equally among his families.

I saw Brigham at the Social Hall, on the occasion of my last visit here, bid four of his wives adieu. The old gentleman had been dancing, but had fatigued the legs of seventy years, and he approached the cluster of his helpmates, buttoned up in a blue overcoat with a white vest underneath, a red woolen comforter around his neck, and a worn silk hat in his hand. He looked very large, square, and bland, and he said with tenderness and dignity, shaking each by the hand,

"My dear, I bid you good-night!"

The wives, crowding up with apparent emulation, asked if it was his wish that they also should accompany him home.

"No," said Brigham, "stay as long as you please. I will have the carriage come back and wait for you at the door below. Good-night!"

They were all middle aged women, common place, but cheerful; Brigham is said to object to his wives dancing round dances. It is wonderful that a Mormon with half a dozen wives can be jealous or fastidious about each of them, and yet I have heard people here fly into a passion because their wives were spoken to on the streets by strangers, or stared at. The only case of assassination chargeable with any degree of probability to the Mormons, was that of Brassfield, a teamster, shot dead in the streets of Salt Lake, for selling a Mormon's furniture, and proposing to elope upon the proceeds of it with a wife.

Godbe, who hates Brigham Young sincerely, has four wives, besides one divorced. Since he has been "cut off" from the church he has contemplated setting the example of radical monogamy. "And yet," says Godbe, "I love all my wives so equally, and they all love me so harmoniously, that I cannot pick out the one to stay or those who must go."

◆

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Alexis is said to be a first-class skater.

☞ A marriage is published in the Buffalo papers to which is affixed the words, "no cards, no nonsense."

☞ A Tennessee editor was so rejoiced at the death of a rival that he announced it under the head of "amusements."

☞ "Moonified" is a term recently coined here, and used to express that peculiar aberration of mind under which a person is supposed to labor when in the silliest stage of a most silly flirtation.

☞ Horace Greeley's gift to the New York Woman Suffrage Fair was a cradle.

☞ "We don't keep coffins here!" was the surly remark of a boot and shoe salesman, who had exhausted his patience in vainly endeavoring to fit a customer to a pair of boots. No wonder—he wore 14's!

☞ Chicago was lately edified by a dusky damsel who persisted in turning somersaults in the street.

☞ A poetical genius describes ladies' lips as "the glowing gateways of pork and potatoes."

☞ A pompous but benevolent Bridgeport (Conn.) man has had his photograph neatly framed and sent on to the Wisconsin sufferers.

☞ A man who "ordered everything on the bill of fare" at a Syracuse hotel, was shortly astonished to behold approaching him fourteen waiters, in single file, bearing one thousand and twenty-four dishes.

☞ What is the best name for a (n)ice belle? Why, it's Kate.

☞ Alexis should be content. He has given a name to a paper collar.

☞ The Vassar College griddle measures ten feet by eight, and can carry five hundred cakes at a time.

☞ They have a cherry-colored dog in Boston.

☞ Adelina Patti was recalled twenty-nine times after her first performance at Moscow.

☞ A Missouri doctor's slumbers were broken the other night by a polecat, which crept into bed with him.

☞ We clip from a Boston paper the following specimen of Court Russian, said to have been transmitted by the illustrious scion of the Romanoffs to the Mayor of Boston, in response to a pressing invitation from that official:

Orl ritold bustah yuken sormi legorf butti tellu ile bloski hifur Boston. *Gityur rumanwiski anlotaw citti bomers redi, anian olcottcasy wilbi doesnonger lykea neskeme onah tallai andle.*

This is, we suppose, the regular official formula for all like occasions; though whether the rum-an-wiski will be forthcoming at all his visiting places is doubtful.

☞ Shakespeare would never have asked, "What's in an aim (name)?" if he had been hit on the head with a brick.

☞ Worth, the famous Parisian dressmaker, has reduced his prices, and now makes a plain dress for three hundred dollars.

☞ A Cincinnati boy sues his father for $50,000 for alleged ill-treatment.

☞ An Alabama girl received a set of furs as the handsomest girl at the Selma fair.

☞ A cemetery sculptor lately published this card; "As the holidays are approaching, and the time for presents is nearing, I beg to call attention to my stock of tombstones."

☞ An old lady in North Carolina has given all her furniture Scripture names. Whenever she wants to sit in her easy chair she tells her servant to "bring up the Apostle Paul and put it near the fire."

☞ Falling dew—A promissory note.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ALEXIS IN BOSTON.

The first day of the visit of the Grand Duke in Boston (Dec. 8) was a delightful one, and the arrangements made for his entertainments were carried out with remarkable precision.

The Duke left his quarters at the Revere House at ten o'clock A.M., dressed in the costume of a lieutenant of the Russian navy—a long surtout and low flat cap, with plain gold decorations. The carriage provided for his Imperial Highness was a very handsome landau, which was drawn by four mottled gray steeds, and was driven by Mr. Fred Adams, an accomplished horseman. Other open barouches, some ten in number, followed.

They proceeded at once to the City Hall, where they were welcomed by Mayor Gaston. Much interest was manifested by the Duke in the numerous drawings hung in the mayor's rooms, representing portions of Boston fifty years ago. Accompanied by the mayor, they proceeded up School street to the State House, through streets densely crowded with spectators, who cheered incessantly along the entire route. These tokens of favor were gracefully acknowledged by the distinguished visitor, whose handsome features and noble bearing were flatteringly alluded to by the vast crowd.

At the State House the Duke was met at the door by the sergeant-at-arms, who escorted him up the grand stairway to the Council Chamber, where was presented to Governor Claflin, who made a brief and appropriate address. To this speech the Duke simply answered, "I thank you." He was then introduced to the many persons who were present by special invitation. The Council Chamber was handsomely decorated; on the rear wall of the room was displayed a large Russian flag, and on either side handsome silk American standards.

After a brief conversation, the Duke, accompanied by the Governor, mayor, and M. Catacazy, descended to the street and took their seats in the first carriage, when the entire cortege departed for Cambridge, escorted by a fine military company, composed of the Roxbury Horse Guard, Prescott Light Guard of Charlestown, the Boston Dragoons, and Boston Lancers, accompanied by two bands, all mounted, and presenting a fine appearance. The military were reviewed, and then the entire procession moved hurriedly down Beacon street, through Boylston, out Columbus avenue.

While passing up the avenue, the four horses of the second carriage, containing Admiral Poisset, and others, took fright, and becoming unmanageable, were only arrested after dashing past the Duke's carriage, and almost upon the cavalry escort in advance, by coming in contact with a large and heavily laden wagon. The horses were thrown down, and they were stayed in their mad course, with only a pretty severe jar to the party inside.

The ride to Cambridge occupied about an hour. The college boys had their big jokes on the occasion, which were a little too practical and somewhat huge in proportions. Orders had been sent in to Copeland's for four hundred quarts of ice cream, which were delivered at Massachusetts Hall, but there being no one there responsible for the article it had to be carried back again to the city. They had also ordered forty hacks, and these drove out in a long procession and formed around the college grounds awaiting the expected patrons, but none appeared, and in about an hour they drove back to their stables. During the night there were stenciled over the entrance to the college law school—Dane Hall—in black paint, letters six inches long, the words "Cafe Pierre Noires."

It required two hours of hard work to remove the obnoxious words. When the Grand Duke appeared he was received with the peculiar shout of the college, "Rah! Rah! Rah!" which, when well rendered in their best rhyme, is one of the finest cheers of the world. Just inside the entrance to the college they were met and welcomed by President Eliot and the Faculty, and after a brief hand-shaking, they proceeded through the buildings, visiting the library, and meeting Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Peabody, and others, and librarian J. H. Sibley, who exhibited several Russian volumes of great value that had been presented by his Majesty Alexander II.

After a visit to the rooms of the Parcellian Club, where the Prince enjoyed a glass of wine and a good segar, about one o'clock, they proceeded to the house of President Eliot, and partook of a sumptuous lunch, and then away to the navy yard, where they witnessed the discharge of submerged torpedoes, and after reviewing the marines they received the compliment of a royal salute of twenty-one guns. At the house of the commandant a large party assembled, three hundred invitations having been issued. The reception was in full dress, and dancing was participated in until six o'clock, when the party returned to the Revere House to prepare for the great event of the day, the ball at the Boston Theatre. The Prince has won golden opinions on every hand by his quiet manliness, his genial manner, intelligence and general refinement. He certainly has a noble nature, as well as a noble name, and is worthy of the attention he receives as heir-apparent to the throne of one of the most powerful nations of Europe.

The arrangements and decorations of the theatre were of the most excellent order and in perfect taste. At the back of the stage was presented a view of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, with the bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor Nicholas in the foreground. Private rooms leading off from the grand floor were arranged in exquisite order for the occupancy of the Duke. One of the largest of the retiring-rooms was arranged as an ordinary supper-room in a first-class private residence, and was decidedly cozy and elegant, the general supper-room being on the floor above.

The music was as fine as could be furnished in America. Mr. Gilmore presided over his own grand military band, for the first time since his return from Europe. The orchestra was under the management of Carl Zerrahn, and consisted of fourteen first violinists and thirty-seven other instruments and the music furnished throughout the evening was admirable in the fitness of the selections and the quality of the performance.

In the quadrille of honor, the Grand Duke's partner was Mrs. Mayor Gaston, elegantly dressed in a lavender satin, elaborately trimmed with Brussels lace. Their *vis-a-vis* were Dr. G. C. Warren and Miss Shaw, daughter of Mrs. Howland Shaw. On the Grand Duke's right were Mr. Catacazy and Miss Winthrop, and on his left were Mr. F. Braggiotti and Mrs. Frank Peabody. No others joined in the opening dance, but the previously scattered occupants of the entire floor gathered in one admiring group to witness his Imperial Highness' first essay in the terpsichorean art in Boston. As in New York, the Duke made no concealment of his shortcomings in the set, but modestly watched and followed the cues given by his partner, and no fatal mistakes were made.

The evening passed in a manner highly satisfactory to all present, for the Prince danced with as many young and fair ladies as possible, and about midnight repaired to the supper-room. Dancing continued until shortly before two o'clock, when the Duke led out his partner for the last quadrille, after which he quietly withdrew.

The following was the order of dances, to the music of Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra:

Quadrille, "Bijouterie"	Strauss
Waltz, "Wein, Weib und Gesang"	Strauss
Lancers, "Charivari"	George Loesch
Polka.	
Galop, "Zuchbruder"	L. Stasny
Lancers, "Gilmore's"	Weingartner
Waltz, "An der Schonen blauen Donau"	Strauss
Quadrille, "Trovatore" (arranged by Zerrahn)	Verdi
Galop, "Ohne Zugel und Bugel."	
Polka Redowa, "La Chatelaine"	C. Faust
Waltz, "Weaner Walder"	Strauss
Lancers, "Tete-a-Tete"	Weingartner
Waltz, "Telegram"	Strauss
Galop, "Damen"	Parlow

The Duke will remain in Boston until Wednesday or Thursday of next week.

THE WHIPPING POST IN DELAWARE.—The Wilmington (Del.) Commercial gives an account of the semi-annual exhibition of punishment inflicted by the pillory and lash in New-castle last Saturday. Among those whipped was a man who had been at the "post" three times before. He said he had all the manhood whipped out of him the first time, and since then he didn't care for anything. Eight other persons were punished with twenty lashes each, and several with an hour in the pillory in addition. All of the offenses were petty larcenies.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—On December 9th, at South Scituate, Mass., a boy who was out gathering cranberries found the head of a woman sticking out of the ice, frozen in solid, the ice being about seven inches thick. The Selectmen were notified, and the body was cut out and found to be that of Miss Amy Sprague, of Hingham, a maiden lady 65 years of age. She has a brother and sister in Hingham, and left home to visit relations in South Scituate about two weeks ago. It is supposed that she missed her way and got into the pond, and that the body had lain there ever since.

THE TRIAL OF MRS. WHARTON.—The trial of Mrs. Wharton, on the charge of poisoning General Ketchum at her house in Baltimore, is going forward very quietly in Annapolis. When the charge was first made, the public, on the strength of reporters' statements, was rather swift to render its verdict of guilty; but as the facts are brought out in the court, there seems enough of doubt about them to make it altogether right that the public judgment shall await that of the legal tribunal. Mrs. Wharton may, very possibly, be guilty, but the evidence, so far as it has been given at the time of the present writing, is so nicely balanced as to leave the final result of the trial in doubt.

WRITING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ILLNESS, the New York Times says:—"The 'brilliant' magazine and letter writers, who have been assuring the public for years past that the Prince had been guilty of every kind of excess, had utterly ruined his constitution, &c., &c., must be a little disconcerted to find that the subject of their lies is making a fight against a desperate disease such as astonishes the oldest physicians."

A Liverpool policeman was recently sentenced to five years' penal servitude for stealing eight pence. He had seized a little bootblack boy, threatened to take him into custody, and on reaching a back street, had exacted eight pence from the lad as the price of setting him at liberty.

The press of the country is nearly unanimous in condemning the brutal murder in Havana of the young students who were accused of desecrating the grave of a leading Spanish sympathizer in Cuba.

One of the prisoners at the Northern Penitentiary, Chicago, last week deliberately fastened his hand in a block, fixed for the purpose, and run it under a buzz-saw, which cut off three of his fingers in a very artistic manner. His object was to escape further hard labor.

Strange to say, the two Park girls, victims of the horrible Indiana tragedy, are still alive, and one is pronounced out of danger.

How completely civilization makes men brothers! Even Peru has contributed ten thousand dollars in aid of the sufferers by the Chicago fire. People whom we are accustomed to think of as living almost out of the world, have heard of our countrymen's calamity, and have stretched out a brotherly hand to their rescue.

Another polygamist marriage was reported at Salt Lake City last week.

Great numbers of cases are reported in the West of persons being frozen to death.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BULLETINS AS TO HIS CONDITION.

LONDON, Dec. 13.—An extra of the London Times contains the following despatch: "KING'S LYNN, NEAR SANDRINGHAM, Dec. 13.—M—In the case of the Prince of Wales there has been no restoration to the first stages of convalescence, as we had a right to expect."

A telegram to the Echo from the vicinity of Sandringham says:—"The delirium of the Prince is constant, but not violent. He does not rave, but mutters incoherently hour after hour, without cessation."

LONDON, Dec. 13—6 P. M.—The latest official bulletin, dated Sandringham, at five P. M., says the Prince was very unquiet all the afternoon. The gravity of the symptoms are unabated.

OFFICE JAY COOKE & CO., NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—LONDON—Evening.—The Prince continues delirious and mutters incoherently without cessation.

A DEVICE TO GAIN SYMPATHY.

LONDON, Dec. 13.—There is a feeling in some circles that the official bulletins have represented the case of the Prince of Wales worse than he really is in order to arouse sympathy for the Prince and make him popular.

PRAYERS FOR THE PRINCE.

BOMBAY, Dec. 13.—The Parsees of this city have offered prayers for the restoration of the health of the Prince of Wales.

NO CHANGE OF CONDITION.

London, Dec. 13—11 P. M.—The bulletin issued from Sandringham at ten P. M., by the physicians in attendance upon the Prince of Wales, says that His Royal Highness has passed a less unquiet evening.

Unofficial despatches from Sandringham, however, are unfavorable. The lung symptoms are reported to be most distressing.

THE PRINCE LESS RESTLESS THIS MORNING.

LONDON, Dec. 14—1.40 A. M.—An official despatch from Sandringham, dated at one o'clock this morning, says the Prince of [illegible]

wards recovery. The public feeling is more confident.

SYMPATHY FROM ITALY.—The Italian Embassy in London telegraphs to King Victor Emanuel upon the issuance of every bulletin. Crowds gather in front of the Mansion House and cheer loudly when bulletins of a favorable character are posted. The later reports from the Prince have greatly relieved the public mind.

THE GRAND DUKE.

WHAT THE EUROPEAN PRESS THINKS ABOUT THE RECEPTION OF THE ROYAL RUSSIAN IN AMERICA.

The newspapers of Russia, Germany, Austria, and France, by this time have all heard of the welcome extended to the son of the Czar of Russia in this country. The following comments are taken from the leading journals of the nations above named:—

It will be seen that he St. Petersburg papers express great satisfaction at the reception of the Grand Duke. The German papers ridicule the reception.

[From the St. Petersburg Golos.]

Never will Russia forget such kindness as the great city of New York has shown the Imperial Prince. It was no official reception; so much the greater was its value. It was a spontaneous manifestation of good-will towards this country. All classes of the population participated in it. There was no jar of dissension. Russia is profoundly gratified.

[From the Journal de St. Petersburg.]

We had looked for much politeness and some military pomp. But for a great popular outpouring—for a demonstration of which the greatest rulers on earth might be proud—we had not looked. If there had been dissensions between the two countries, which have been traditionally linked so closely together, this manifestation of genuine good feeling must have healed them.

[From the Berlin National Gazette.]

We have always been at a loss to understand why Russia and the American Union should coquette so desperately with each other. Surely the day of antipathy against England, which in former times might have accounted for this hobnobbing, is over, so far as America is concerned. And yet we hear that the Grand Duke Alexis, a young prince who will hardly ever play a conspicuous part in the history of Russia, has been received in New York with honors hardly ever extended to the most distinguished foreigners that visited those shores.

The Vienna Tageblatt wants to know if the New Yorkers ever before saw a live prince, and intimates that the flattering reception of Prince Alexis might give rise to a migration of younger sons of crowned heads from Europe to America.

The French papers, which still have an alliance with Russia in view, comment favorably upon the reception. The Gaulois thinks that only representatives of France and Russia would meet with such treatment in America, and that if the Emperor William or his Crown Prince should visit New York, not much would be made of them.

ROYALTY FORGETS ITSELF.

THE CZAROVITCH OF RUSSIA IN A PASSION ASSAILS THE MINISTER OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

LONDON, Dec. 13.—A special despatch to the Standard from St. Petersburg states that yesterday the Czarovitch Alexander became involved in a private dispute with Prince de Reuss, Minister of the German Empire to Russia. The passions of both were aroused and the Czarovitch so far forgot himself as to make a personal assault on the ambassador. Friends interfered and the parties were separated.

Much excitement is caused by the untoward incident, and it is feared the consequences may be grave, although there is no reason to apprehend any interruption of the good relations between Russia and Germany as the quarrel is believed to be wholly of a private or social character.

SPAIN.

EXCITEMENT OVER PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—A tremendous excitement prevailed in Madrid on the receipt of President Grant's message relative to the Cuban difficulty. The government has resolved to maintain a firm attitude. Reinforcements, consisting of four thousand men, two generals, and four iron-clads, will be immediately despatched to Cuba.

A BAND OF THIEVES IN PARIS.—The Paris police have just made a large capture of the members of a band of thieves, whose mode of operation was to break the windows of shops and make off with any articles they could abstract during the confusion. The band is composed of seventy-two members, forty of whom are already in custody, and the remainder are being sought for. The chief is a man named Jean Filou, known as Le Louveteau ("the whelp") who is a released convict, having been sentenced in 1842 to twenty years' travaux forces for robbery and assassination. Two of his sons were shot by the troops upon entering Paris in May last. The "mother" of the band is an old woman of seventy-four, whose duty it was to classify the stolen property, a large quantity of which was found, duly ticketed and arranged, in a back shop of the Rue St. Arnand.

CHOLERA is again spreading in Constantinople.

☞ One of the victims of the Naval Academy students who were recently dismissed for hazing, was sick for some time from the effects of the treatment he received, having been held under a pump for an hour and then thrown into the river.

☞ An English paper refers to the grizzly bears of the Alleghany Mountains. That story will hardly bear scrutiny this side of the Alleghanies.

☞ The New York Mail asserts that "many fashionable ladies who are partial to low-necked dresses, and have not a pretty neck, wear a false neck of wax or alabaster, which, when a heavy necklace is worn with it, can hardly be detected from the real article."

☞ As illustrative of the practical turn of the woman's rights leaders, the following is given by an exchange as a short list of their masculine accomplishments: Kate Field is a good pistol shot, Miss Hazlett swims like a duck, Elizabeth Cady Stanton is a scientific angler, and Susan B. Anthony plays a rattling game of draw-poker.

☞ STOLEN CHILDREN.—According to a report made by the Italian Minister of Justice, five thousand young children in Italy are annually stolen from their parents and sold to persons in the United States.

☞ A coxcomb having told a lady that he knew her thoughts by her eyes. "Do you?" says she; "then I am sure you will keep them secret—for they are not to your advantage."

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PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head, and sold at 7@7¾c. 150 Cows brought $35@65 ⅌ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at 5¾@7c. ⅌ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at $6@6,75 ⅌ 100 lbs net.

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Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

NOTICE.—DR. LINDSAY'S BLOOD SEARCHER cures Erysipelas, Scrofula, Blotches, Pimples, Debility, &c. It beautifies the complexion by purifying the blood. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by R. E. SELLERS & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Pittsburg, Pa. Price One Dollar per bottle. de23-1t

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de23-1y Rochester, Beaver County, Pa.

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Tan, and all Brown Discolorations, are nicely removed from the face, leaving the skin smooth and healthy, by using PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 BOND Street, New York.

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Cure for Pimples on the Face is PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY. Every Druggist sells it.

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In CHICAGO and the WEST by Rev. E. J. Goodspeed, D. D., of Chicago. The only complete History of these great events. 600 8vo. pages; 50 Engravings; price $2.50; outfit, $1.00. 70,000 already sold. Profits go to sufferers. Agents wanted. Address H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, New York, or J. W. Goodspeed, Chicago, St. Louis, or Cincinnati. de16-3m

WHISKERS! One Package of the ITALIAN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, post-paid, or 3 for 50 cents. Address J. SQUIRES,
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HUNTING, TRAPPING AND FISHING made easy. Best Book; 76 pages; 50 engravings. Only 20 cents, post-paid. Send for Catalogues of Books, &c. Address C. S. RILEY, Holland, N. Y.

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Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by Ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. In removing Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, Moth Patches, etc., its effects are almost magical. Like all other of DR. GOURAUD'S preparations, this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility.

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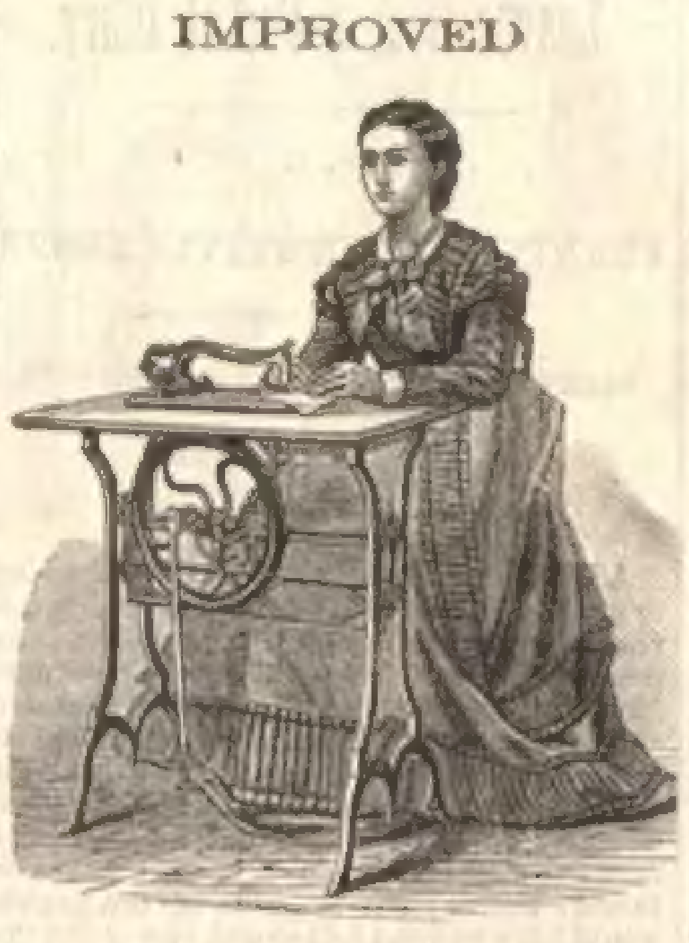

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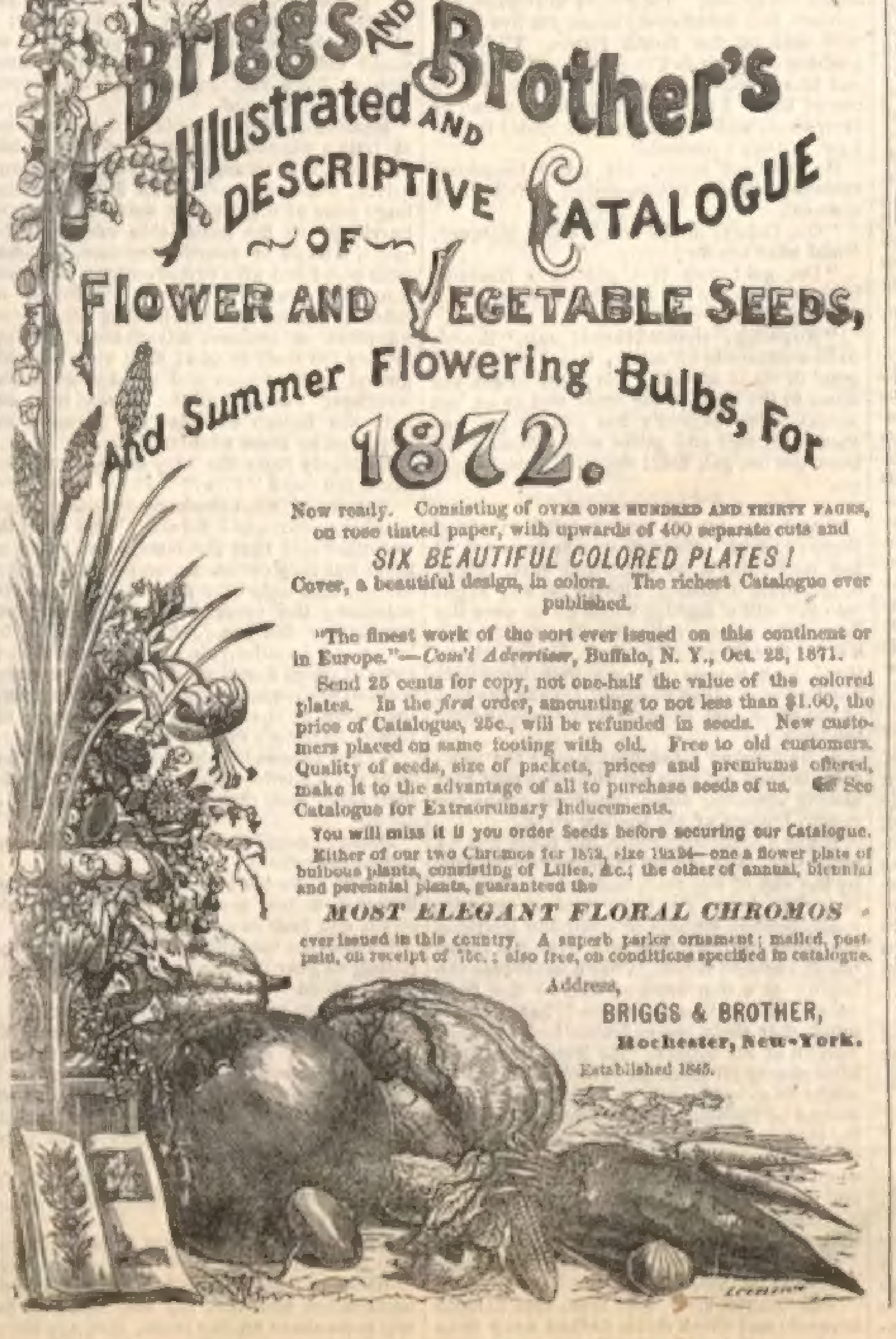

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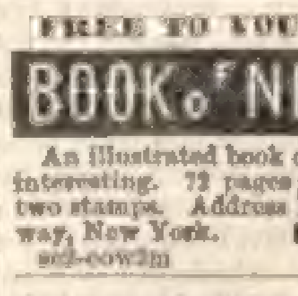

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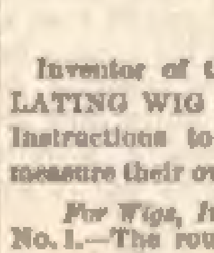

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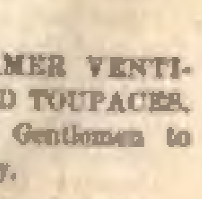

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WIT AND HUMOR.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

1. Do not commence eating before your host gets through with his grace. I have known some men to bite a biscuit as large as a blacking-box into a half-moon, and have to hold it between their teeth, under a suspension of the rules, during a blessing. This is disgraceful.

2. Do not sup soup with a fork. Your soup will always have you at a disadvantage with such odds. Besides it is "souperfluous."

3. In passing your plate to be helped retain your knife and fork in your vest pocket.

4. When asked for a dish do not propel it across the surface of the table after the manner or game of shovel-board; always pitch it gracefully, after the manner of quoits. This will be quoit sufficient.

5. Never try to eat fish with a salt cellar.

6. While drinking, be careful not to empty hot coffee or anything of that sort into your neighbor's paper collar.

7. Do not eat too fast. You will not "get left," if you make up in heroic doses for past time.

8. If you find anything suspicious in your hash, don't eat any more hash; and if there is anything wrong in your butter, propose a toast or tell an anecdote.

9. When you burn your mouth with a hot potato, don't whistle or make faces at the company, but shed tears in silence.

10. Never leave the table without asking the lady of the house to be excused; but if you happen to be at a barbecue or a free lunch, don't leave as long as there is a bone or a crumb in sight.

11. Should you put too much pepper in your soup and the tears come to your eyes in consequence, do not wipe your eyes or blow your nose on your napkin.

12. Be careful when resting your elbows on the table that your neighbor's little preserve plate is not within reach, not that you need mind upsetting it, for that would serve him right, but you may get your coat sleeve jellied through his carelessness in not giving you room enough.

13. Do not pick your teeth with your fork or wipe it on the table-cloth after you have just extracted a long piece of sinew from a hollow in one of your double grinders.

14. If you happen to partake of some dish with which you are unacquainted, don't spit it out on your plate with a splutter, as if you had been poisoned, because it might be supposed you had not been accustomed to move in society. Simply rap on the table with your fork for the servant, and tell him or her to fetch a spittoon. By this time all eyes will be upon you, and as the servant brings the spittoon you can eject the disagreeable mouthful, with a proper air of disgust, remarking that you always hated French *kickshaws*, and preferred something the real origin of which you could guess at. By this proceeding you will let the people at the table see you know a thing or two, and are not to be easily taken in.

THE CALENDAR CLARIFIED.

January was originally called Ginuary, because taken warm within to counteract cold without.

February was anciently styled Fibuary, on account of the lovers' perjuries uttered on Valentine's-day.

March took its name from the fact that it drills us into holes with piercing east wind.

April owes its denomination to the Saxon words *ape* and *rill*, because during this month it rains cats and dogs and monkeys.

May may have been called May mainly because Mayday may fall mayhap on the first of the month.

June is so named because it comes after the first five months of the year, and is, therefore, junior to them.

July is duly denominated July, because you will see the heavy djew lie on the grass during the month.

August is superlatively entitled to this nomenclature, because, though all the other months may possibly be very Aug (whatever that means,) this is the August of the lot. (This was an aug-ward question to settle.)

September was originally written Sub-tember, because the evenings begin to draw in about the hour at which people indulge in the pleasant but unwholesome meal known as supper.

October is derived from the German, and is the month in which the English brew beer and the Germans make 'ock.

November is, as we know, called No-vember for no reason in particular.

December owes to Christmas bills the name it derives: from the "d's" in which paterfamilias indulges as the small accounts file in.

YOUTHFUL ELOQUENCE.

A young orator recently gave the following fine bust of frenzy from out of his confined soul, or bosom, or stomach, or wherever these things come from:—"Yes, my friends, the mind of man is so expansive that it can soar from star to star, and from satchelite to satchelite, and from seraphene to seraphene, and from cherrybeam to cherrybeam, and from thence to the centre of the doom of heaven. To describe the mind of man would be like grasping at the stars and sticking in the mud. Could I place one foot on the sea and the other on—ahem—on the Georgium Sidus—ahem, ahem—yet to describe the mind of man, I'd howl round this little world—and, er—I'd" He choked at the next big word, forgot the rest—and down he came a-howling.

HIS OBJECT.

A doctor was called in to see a patient whose native land was Ireland, and whose native drink was whiskey. Water was prescribed as the only cure. Pat said it was out of the question, he could never drink it. Then milk was proposed, and Pat agreed to get well on milk. The doctor was soon summoned again. Near the bed on which the sick man lay was a table, and on the table a large bowl, and in the bowl was milk, but strongly flavored with whiskey. "What have you here?" said the doctor. "Milk, doctor; just what you ordhered. "But there's whiskey in it; I smell it." "Well, doctor," sighed the patient, "there may be whiskey in it, but milk's my object."

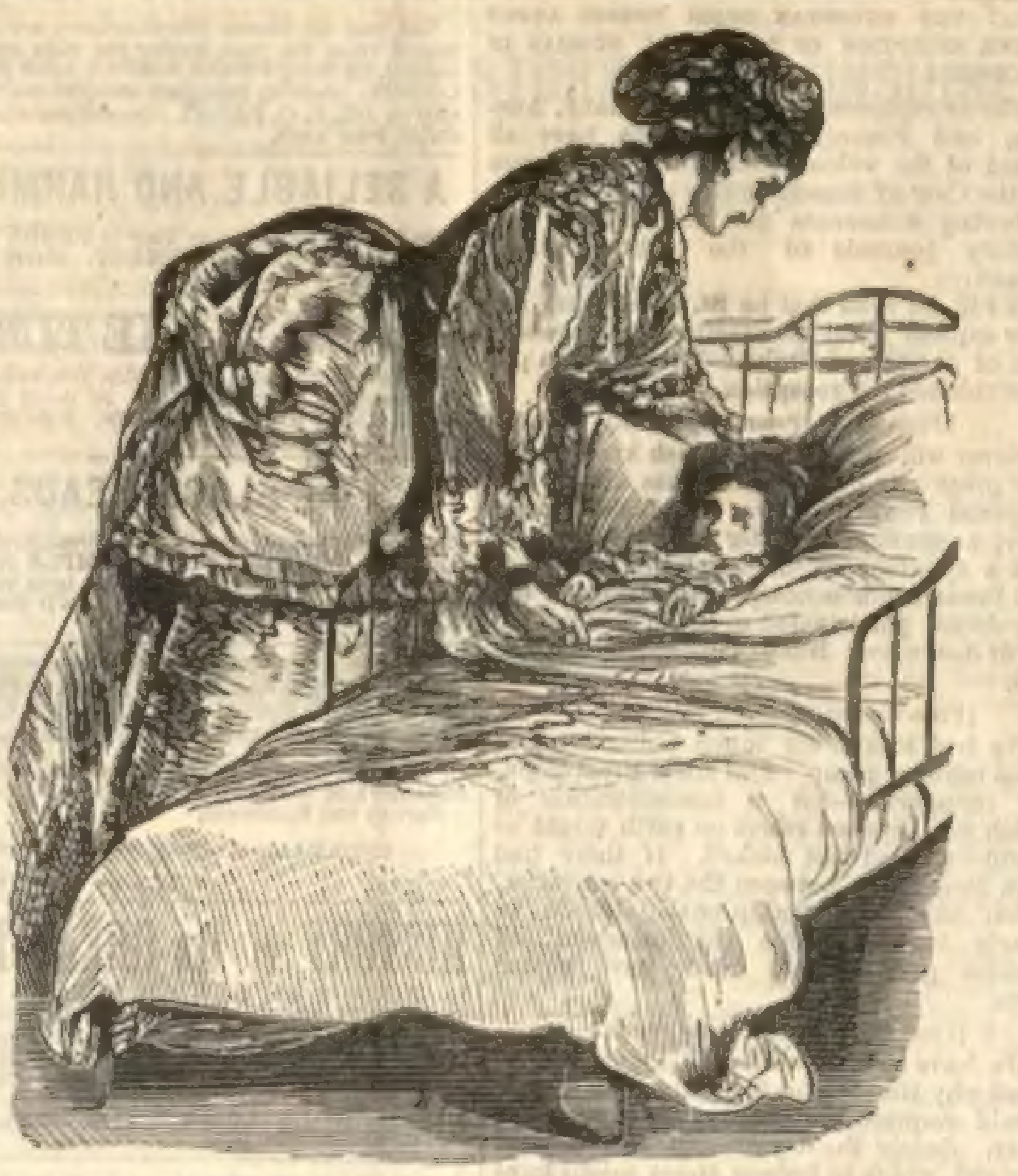
ABOUT RAMS.

A few evenings since, in a country store of a neighboring town, a little knot of men were discussing the merits of the hydraulic ram; an honest farmer, who was making some purchases, overheard a part of the conversation, and he, stepping forward just as one of the speakers expressed his strong belief in the good qualities of the machine, remarked, "Yes, gentlemen, I know they are good—that three-year old ram I sold to Deacon Cooper last week was partly hydraulic."

A Feeler.—A love-sick swain, in order to more fully understand the mind of his "lady-love," closed a letter with the following lines:

If you was a dog,
And I was a hog
A rootin' away in the yard;
If the old man should say,
"Drive that hog away,"
Would you worry or bite very hard?

"Ah, Dick, I have buried my brother since I saw you." "Served him right," said Dick. "What do you mean, sir?" was demanded. "Why," said Dick, "would it have been serving him right to leave him unburied?"



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Mabel.—"Is the party over, and everybody gone?"

Mamma.—"Yes, dear—hush! Go to sleep!"

Polly (with an eye to the sweets next day).—"Was it a *greedy* party, mamma?"

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 7.

BURNING OF THE SETTLEMENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

A lovely day of early autumn was drawing to a close, still a flood of radiant light was pouring over the broad, rolling prairie. As the eye wandered over the nearly level surface westerly, one got the idea of freedom and expansion not felt among the hills and valleys of the east. Every thing at this hour seemed quiet over the vast plains. A casual observer would have said that for miles and miles no sign of human existence could be found; but a scout or guide of the prairie would have pointed hither and yon along the far horizon's brink where he had discovered the spiral column of smoke winding up from an Indian encampment on some of the distant reservations.

A lover of nature with an artist soul, would have been enraptured at that evening hour. The flowers and grasses broke in billows, red and purple crested, at his feet; the winds, bracing and clear, drifted over this wide country wafting to the nostrils the sweet scents of a thousand flowers. Gay insects arose from the beds of moss or grass where they had lain all day, and dusting their capes and brushing their small clothes, prepared for a frolic on the green. Here and there a cloud of winged things, with long legs streaming out behind them, like the empty shafts of tiny vehicles, floated southerly, only to meet others winding up from the valleys, torturing some invisible bag-pipes into tumultuous play.

The quails ran piping along their beaten tracks; the wild hens and turkeys called to each other from the hassocks.

A young moon wandering westerly brought out the mists as they stole along the tortuous way of the streams.

But see! a solitary horseman uprises from the level plain and heads northerly, towards the broken country where the banks of the streams are wooded with clumps of walnut and cotton wood. He is no loiterer, enjoying the sweet picture which we have briefly described. Either pursuing or pursued, his mission is life or death to himself or others.

He holds on the direct route to Brant's Creek, and, although he rides with the speed of a red man of the plain, yet he is neither an Indian nor an extremely prepossessing white man. Down through the streams, up over the hillocks, across the level land, half of his time standing in the stirrups to scan the far country—on, on, he thundered, his dark horse flecked with foam, both horse and rider drawing their breath in gasps or half groans.

* * * * * * *

The Brants had retired for the night. Peaceful sleep had some time closed their eye-lids. Five years before Brant, worried out by hard labor and little gains, had left a small farm in Oxford County, and with an emigrant wagon containing his wife and his children, and a few needful household articles started for the far west. Extravagant stories of its fertility led many persons to leave comparative ease at home and brave the dangers of the west. Brant's wife, never very robust, had died of malarious fever, and the year after, the difficulties concerning the manner of admitting Kansas as a State into the Union commenced.

The time of which we write was one of terror. The settlements were hemmed in by outlaws and Indians, led on by renegades and ruffians of the most demoniac stamp, and those unprotected people upon the plains met death in every form. Occasionally there were instances of awful retaliation, but the weakest are generally overruled and vanquished.

Brant and his daughter with one neighbor, bravely or hazardously, remained at their places upon the plains, being three miles from a small settlements known as Daly's Station, and ten from the city of T—— which had suffered severely in the last few months from scarcity of provisions. Every mule train sent out for supplies was captured and destroyed. The farmers' crops outside were pillaged, and cut up for forage.

Down through the bed of the stream, up the sharp, conical hill came the foam-flecked horsemen at a hard gallop.

"Hey, Brant, awake! arouse!" yelled a stentorian voice by the settler's cabin—"arm yourself and dash forward to Daly's Station."

A grizzled head was thrust out of the cabin window. "In the name of God, what's afoot to-night?"

"Border Bill is swinging this way with a big war party of Indians, headed by a dozen white renegades. They have murdered the settlers, and burnt every house for five miles this side of the South Forks. They are pushing on towards T——, and will snuff you out like a candle, Joe Brant, unless you're out of this. I ain't mor'n an hour ahead of their time, and my horse'll go under before I get to Daly's Station."

He was off again, his horse breathing spasmodically and threatening to fall every moment.

"Oh, father, do hasten," cried Margery, "and what are we to do?"

"Do, gal? you jest get onto Hassan's back and run for life to Daly's Station."

"But, father—"

"No parley," shouted the old man, "there's to be a stampede of cattle; but I swear, I'm goin' to do it myself. I'm goin' to get 'em down to the bend of the creek and swim 'em across. The buildin's has got to go, but them ar hosses and cattle aint. Here's the hoss, get on, gal, thar! the saddle's tight, get on."

"Father, you'll be murdered."

"And you too if you're goin' to stand there all night. Here, wait—the boys are at the mill—they'll be murdered sure, Riggs didn't think o' them. There's no way to get into the mill o' nights, but to go in over the dam. The fall over the new dam makes sich a noise that they can't here ye. Hark! what's that! look a mile off—see that blaze—its Snell's house—they're comin'! Take the bed of the creek, gal, cling to the horse and rout the boys."

As he finished speaking he gave the powerful horse a cut with his whip that sent him tearing headlong down the slope on to the roughy bottom of the shallow creek.

It was a hazardous route, but there was no other way. The border ruffians were coming by the way of the road, and might overtake her. The horse she rode crashed over the rough bottom, stumbling often and spurting the water into her face and over her form, but she heeded it not. After a short ride the baying of a dog aroused her to the fact, which had evidently slipped her father's mind, that their one neighbor had not been warned of his danger. He lived alone in a little shanty off from the direct route, yet he might be swept up by the brutal horde. She dashed up the steep bank, roused and warned the sleeping man, and dashed on to the mill. Her horse was restive, and whinnied uneasily when she cast her bridle rein over a post, and sped across the wet and slippery dam.

"Arm, arm, arm!" was the clear, wild cry that called the sleeping men to their feet. "Border Bill is not a mile away and murdering as he comes."

Ten minutes after, four men, clad in loose trowsers and check shirts dashed away from the low-roofed mill with rifles on their shoulders, going at a swift run towards Daly's Station.

Meanwhile Riggs—horse and rider alike reeling with terrible exhaustion—had reached the centre of the settlement, shouting at the top of his voice, "Rouse, rouse, the border fiends are upon you."

Ah, mercy, what terror struck to every heart. Some few women fainted, the others rushed to arm the male members of their family, or cowered in the dark corners with their little ones in their arms.

In the middle of the road the tottering steed fell dead. Scarcely twenty minutes after this Margery Brant rode into the public square. She rapidly answered the questions put to her, said that from an eminence they could see the smoke from Snell's buildings, and explained where her father was. Then some one startled them all by suggesting—

"What of Barring's Ford?"

Heavens! a settlement numbering more inhabitants than their own, lying westerly of them, asleep, and not even dreaming of danger.

"Who can go?"

"Not a man from here," affirmed Captain Day. "We must not be beaten here, for taking the brunt of the battle we may weaken them before they get to Barrings."

"But the cross-roads," gasped Riggs, holding his side and speaking with difficulty; "there are enough—they will split there and take the two places at once."

"Ha!" gasped the captain.

A small figure presented itself before the captain, the light of the fort half defining it, and spoke.

"My horse is fresh—I know the route—I will warn them."

"Who is it speaks?"

"Margery Brant."

"Margery Brant, God speed you. If evil overtake you we will avenge you. Take the upper way by the bridge—ride carefully, the late rains have swollen the ford to twice its usual size."

Hugging the boy's cap closely on to her head, Margery touched Hassan with her heel and disappeared through the darkness.

"Extinguish every light," was the order, "and lie close under the barricades."

Soon, but none too soon, the whole settlement at Daly's Station seemed to be sleeping with its head upon its arm.

The settlers at Barring's Ford were aroused by Brant's intrepid daughter, who fully understood the whole danger, and was competent for her undertaking. This settlement was about five miles distant from Daly's Station. Early in the autumn they had laid the foundations for a fort, one section of which had been so far accomplished that a small gun had been mounted. Brant's daughter rushed to the dwelling house nearest the new fort and aroused the gunner. He hastened to his stand and loaded the piece. It took but little time to arouse the men; still the number was too small to hope to defend themselves against the ruffianly horde.

"If we could only get word to the soldiers garrisoned at T——," said one to another.

"It is our only hope," said they all; "we could not hold out half an hour against Border Bill's ruffians, and yet we cannot spare a man to send.

Meanwhile the struggle had commenced at Daly's Station. An hour after they had received the warning and equipped themselves, while they were well hidden behind huge piles of timber that acted as a sort of barricade on the south side of the settlement, a score of swarthy warriors, blotched with paint and with tufted crowns, squirmed into the town. These were followed by others. Mixed in and leading these were numbers of outlaws, driven from civilized society for their crimes; they were here disguised with plumes and painted as Indian warriors. Just so at the present time one half the Indian outrages are planned and executed by these white ruffians.

Suddenly from the very earth, it seemed, came the word "Fire!"

A score of rifles discharged their contents amid the astonished fiends. Yells from the wounded told that the charge had taken effect; but they outnumbered the settlers four to one, and only that the different motives actuating the combatants gave prodigious strength to the arms of those battling for home and families, the struggle would have been of short duration. Just as their courage seemed to themselves as useless, boom! came the report of the cannon mounted upon the fort at Barring's Ford.

"Poor fellows!" said every heart. "They have got a harder chance than ours; only for their large gun, they would be massacred at once."

Boom! boom! how the solemn night multiplied the echoes.

Let us leave the brave men at the two settlements a few moments in their direful strait, and look in upon one more scene.

"Who goes there?" challenged the sentinel pacing as guard at the fort in T——.

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

"Mercy, good soldier, I don't know it," said a clear, soft, woman's voice; "but I must see General D—— immediately."

The guard glanced at her and then at the horse, whose breath issued from his foaming nostrils in a distressed wheeze with every movement of the lungs.

"Please, please let me in quick, the Indians are murdering everybody at the settlements."

The soldier led the way to the General, who was still up, looking over official reports.

White as a ghost, trembling in every limb, bareheaded now, too, for she had lost her cap somewhere on the route, Margery Brant stood before General D——, almost too much overcome to speak. But she conquered herself and made known her desperate errand.

"Call up two battalions of infantry, Captain Sand," ordered the General; lead one yourself to Daly's, and tell Lieutenant Wilder to dash with the other down to Barring's Ford." Then the gallant officer said to his servant, "Jake, see that this young heroine has some refreshment."

"No, no, indeed! I am going right back," said Margery decidedly.

"My soldiers are hurrying forward."

"Yes, sir, I know, but I must return and see what becomes of my old father."

She flashed out from his presence.

Outside there had been a few brief commands; then the hurried tramp of soldiers' feet, and they were rushing hastily but in good order to the rescue of their fellow beings.

Boom again. The gunner at the fort still stood at his post. The struggle, so uneven was continued with desperation at both places. But both settlements were in flames at the edges, where Vandal hands, unmindful of shrieking women and children, had applied the torch.

But a momentary lull in the conflict brought a new sound to listening ears—the sound of many feet—the even steps of regular soldiery. The whoops of the Indians guided them; the hissing flames of the burning settlement lighted up the scene.

Then came the hoarse command, "Wheel to the right—charge!"

Scores of iron barrels spirted their red fire into the yelling horde.

The ruffians were not of the stamp to stand the attack of disciplined soldiers. They skulked hither and thither—and beaten out from their hiding-places, they ran from the second charge like an army of frightened fiends.

The fighting was more fiercely carried on at Barring's Ford, as there were a greater number of white outlaws there, and they inspired their red allies with much of their demoniac courage. But nothing could save the habitations of the settlers. Their terrified cattle rushed roaring away, only to return and be fearfully scorched or burned to death in the flames.

The morning sun lighting up the scene revealed a terrible spectacle. The wounded had been cared for—but the dead lay piled upon the street. Friend and foe in one heap—grim, stark, and bloody. And the women had not escaped the destruction. Two or three lay dead, more were wounded—and the shrieks of the bereaved, hovering about the slain, made woeful riot on that lovely morning.

There was nothing for the survivors to do but remove to the city for safety, taking with them the wounded, after burying the dead.

In this brief way of running over the horrors of border life, the reader can get but a faint conception of the actual experience of those men and women who stand in the van of civilization.

In the confusion, sorrow and terror of their frightful experience, the day had been some hours old ere the startled question was asked—

"What has become of Margery Brant?"

One suggested one thing, another a different one. Finally, a general alarm spread among the survivors.

"Brant's place was burned as the fiends came up—but, doubtless, she is thereabouts."

"Captain, can I have your horse to ride down to the creek?" asked a young fellow with bandaged arm and a sore limp in his gait. "I am thinking if our lives have been saved by the loss of hers, brave girl! it is a dear purchase."

He came back from Brant's Creek. She was not there; and the old man, her father, was nearly distracted.

Mark Daly returned the captain his horse; caught another animal, belonging to one of the settlers, and dashed across to Barring's Ford. There was the same mellincholy spectacle there as he had left; blackened ruins, distracted people, dead, wounded, and dying, victims of this demoniac outrage. Sick at the depths of his soul, Daly, learning nothing of the missing girl here, hastened on to T——.

Every generous heart was alive to the fate of the intrepid girl. The last trace of her was when she rushed bareheaded from the presence of General D——, some hours before midnight, after she had secured the aid she sought for the doomed settlements. What was her fate?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

At one of his lectures, George Francis Train shouted, "Now, then, anybody can ask me questions." Whereupon an old lady got up and said, "Mr. Train, I would like to know what makes a pot-leg always burn in the middle?" The great American traveller was nonplussed.

☞ E Pluribus Unum is a good name f
the son of a Mormon.

☞ An old lady thinks the Bonds musts a family of strong religious instincts, bece she hears of so many of them being-verted.

☞ A girl in Boston mistook a bottle of croton oil for hair oil and gave her head a very liberal supply of it before going to bed. In the morning her head was as bald as a billiard ball, and the oil had trickled down and run into her eyes, burning her face, and seriously endangering her eyesight.

☞ A New York hotel keeps a pew in a fashionable church for the use of its guests.

☞ A Cincinnati market regulation—"No whistling near the sausage stands."

Answers to Correspondents.

To Contributors.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a fame. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever *ready* to give their articles prompt attention.

Muscovite, (Richmond, Va.,) writes:—"I would be pleased to have some information in regard to the great Russian fair of Nijni Novgorod. By telling me something about it in your next Post you will confer an obligation." Nijni, or Lower Novgorod, is a city situated on the Volga, at which a fair has been held annually for many years. It commences on the 1st of July and lasts till near the end of August, the very hottest portion of the Russian summer. This, with the unsavory smells of the "great unwashed" crowd collected, does not add to the attractions of the fair. Pestilence, however, is prevented by efficient drainage and stringent police regulations. At the proper season a town of huts grows, as if by magic, on a low meadow near the city. This is speedily occupied by a vast heterogeneous population, in which the Chinaman, the Siberian, the Persian, Tartar, Greek, Italian, Jew, and a host of other nationalities jostle each other. The articles displayed for sale are as various as the population. Prominent among these articles is Siberian Iron, of which this is the chief mart. Another article sold here in large quantities is tea. This is brought overland by caravans through Siberia, and brings such prices as we would not think of paying; but it is such tea as we never have the opportunity of drinking. The Russian is an infatuated tea drinker, thinking nothing of ten or twelve cups at a sitting, of tea so scalding hot that only a Russian throat could swallow it.

Mrs. E. B., (Hernando de Soto, Miss.,) writes: "You will oblige me very much if you will answer in your correspondents' column, a question I heard asked in company a short time ago. It was; Who is the author of the old-fashioned poem, beginning: 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man?' Although many present were familiar with the piece, no one could name the author." It was written by a person named T. Moss, a writer not known otherwise than as the author of this piece.

Gallipolis, (Lincoln O.) writes: "In a recent number of your paper I noticed an inquiry similar to the one I am about to make. Please have patience and answer it. I am about to visit a relative living in England; but being a widow, having no friend who can conveniently go with me, I must necessarily travel alone. Neither am I rich, so must go in as cheap a manner as is consistent with decency and comfort. Any hints you will have the kindness to give me with that end in view, will be received with thankfulness and pleasure. Also, which line of steamers is the best? Is there such an establishment in Philadelphia as a 'ladies' ready-made clothing store?' If so, please give me the address?" It is impossible in the short space at our command to give you many directions. You had better procure some book of travels, and profit by the experience of others. You cannot retrench much in travelling directly to some town in England, as you will have to pay full steamer and railroad fare. You will, of course, so arrange your movements as to avoid staying any length of time in hotels. Go to the best hotels, as the difference will not be great for a short stay, and you will be more comfortable. You must expect to be victimized by cabmen, so have as little to do with those gentry as possible. In English hotels, the servants, from the boot-black up, expect a gratuity, but you are under no obligation to pay it. Any regular line of steamers will answer your purpose. There is no store of the kind you mention that we are aware of, though many retail houses keep ready-made goods. You might apply to the Union Benevolent Association, South Seventh street.

Romance, (St. Paul, Minnesota,) writes: "I am sorry to trouble you with questions, but as I find you willing to answer questions of every kind, perhaps you will be kind enough to consider mine. 1. Will you please inform me what is the moonstone? 2. What is the meaning of Bete Noir? 3. Where is Roncesvalles, and for what is it noted? I have other points I would like information upon, but fear to tax your patience?" Our patience is very elastic. You need not fear to affect it seriously so long as you confine your queries within the bounds of reason. The moonstone is so called from the peculiar play of light upon its surface; which, to some one's fancy, has suggested the idea of moonlight. Bete Noir is the French for "black beast," literally translated. It is used metaphorically for something unpleasant or difficult in one's way. Roncesvalles is a defile in the Pyrenees, in which the remnant of Charlemagne's army suffered a signal defeat. In this action were slain the celebrated heroes of French chivalrous romance—Roland, Oliver, Turpin and others.

Sport (Buffalo, N. Y.) asks: "Will the Post kindly inform me how fast carrier pigeons have been known to fly? Also what distances they have traversed? I have argued that their fastest flight is inside of 100 miles per hour, but others argue that they have been known to fly much faster. An early answer will oblige." The latest information in regard to this subject is embraced in some letters just published in a newspaper of Newark, N. J. These purport to have been brought by carrier pigeons, set loose at sea. The first of these is said to have flown from a point to the South of Florida unto Montclair, N. J., a distance of more than 1000 miles, at a rate of 196 miles an hour. Another was set loose in the Southern part of the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 1600 miles in a direct line from Montclair. It flew home with the unprecedented speed of 202 miles an hour, and fell dead on its arrival. If the data on which this remarkable speed and length of flight are predicated be reliable, the Montclair pigeons have certainly won the belt.

P. N. (New Bloomfield, Pa.) writes: "Will you please answer me a few questions? What is double leverage, and what is it generally used for? Is it patented? What is the best book on Etiquette? Where can I get it? What is the price?" We do not know any system of leverage under that name. There are compound and universal levers in use, but we know of no double levers. In regard to your second question, there are many books extant on the subject, but it would not be easy for us to tell which would best meet your requirements. You will need to apply to some bookseller in your town, state what kind of a work you want, and let him procure it for you.

E. V. S. (Osceola, Iowa,) writes: "Noticing your column devoted to correspondence I have resolved to write and ask you a question, which I hope you will be so kind as to answer in your paper as soon as possible. I am now engaged in writing a serial which I desire to publish if you will take and publish it for me, provided you like it and it suits your paper. I am a regular reader of your paper. It is indeed a welcome visitor in our household. I have often written short stories for magazines. There is nothing I love so well as writing. How do you pay for continued novels? Being not able to get many pleasures or luxuries in this life I have to resort to my pen. It is a very good friend in time of need often. Do you pay by the story or otherwise when long?" Our correspondent will be able to obtain from the statement at the head of this column the information she desires. We can, of course, give no direct answer to her questions without seeing the story she speaks of. If she is in the habit of receiving a satisfactory amount for short stories, we should advise her to keep to that line of writing, as she will not be likely to do better, and may very probably do worse, in other directions.

Teacher (Byron, O.,) asks: "Will you please answer two questions for me? What is the proper pronunciation of the name Lochiel? Who was D'Israeli, the author?" Lochiel is pronounced in three syllables, with the accent on the second; as if written Lo-kee-el. D'Israeli was, and is, an English author, orator, and statesman, of very considerable reputation. He was born in London in 1805. While young he published several novels which received very favorable notice, and were widely read. In 1837 he entered Parliament. In this position he soon proved himself a powerful speaker and thinker, and has gone steadily upward, until in 1868 he held the highest office in the English government, that of Prime Minister. He has lately published a new novel, called Lothair.

S. A. C. (Caledonia, O.,) writes: "If it is not too much trouble for you, will you please tell me whether the hand Corn Husker, which you advertised in your paper, is really worth what it costs? My husband has considerable corn to husk, and help is hard to get here. If this instrument is good, please tell us through your correspondents' column where it can be obtained." We do not profess to be aware of the merits or demerits of every article advertised in our columns. Our mission is simply to bring buyer and seller together. Beyond this every one must judge for himself. We do not remember the advertisement referred to. By examining, it you will find the directions of the advertiser, and by corresponding with him may be able to obtain references to whom you can write for the desired information.

A. B. C. (Kentucky) writes: "Isn't the word news taken from North, East, West and South? I have always thought so, and it seems likely, because it means things from all quarters. Also will you tell me the real meaning of the word leg end?" The word "news" has nothing to do with the points of the compass. It is simply derived from new, "new things," or "new tidings," and is easily shortened to "news." As for Leg end, we should judge it to mean foot. But you may want the end joined to the leg, in which case we should have legend, a word quite different in meaning. It means a traditional story, possibly founded on fact, but not accepted as fact. A. B. C. must learn to put his syllables closer together if he wants to make his meaning clear.

RIDDLER.

RIDDLE.

I have legs, but cannot walk,
I've a head but cannot talk,
Nor feel—nor think—nor know.
Was created years ago,
And yet in truth was made to-day,
And like the dogs I have "my day."
I have many customers, too,
Although no business I do;
And while in morals they stand high,
(I tell the truth) to *me* they *lie*.
In me no villainy is found.
But still I'm kept securely bound.
None would lose me, it is said,
But to *keep* me is their dread.
Now, dear readers, if you can,
Please to tell me what I am.

FLORENCE M. SPRAGUE.

WORD SQUARE.

One famed for wisdom.
More willingly.
To accomplish.
Uncorrupt.
A Commander of the Bœitians at the Siege of Troy.
A man's name.

LITTLE CHARLEY.

COMPOUND INTEREST QUESTION.

If Methuselah, while yet a young man of sixty-nine years, had paid $1 into some brotherly institution, bearing yearly compound interest at the rate of six per cent.; what amount would he have been entitled to draw at the age of 969 years, when, according to the Bible, the old patriarch died?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder County, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

A subscriber to The Post sends us the following batch of conundrums.

☞ Why is an Election day like Christmas week? Ans.—Because there are so many candi(e)dates sold.

☞ What is the difference between a righteous man buried decently, and one mutilated and buried? Ans.—One is handed down to his grave in peace, and the other in pieces.

☞ Why is a mill always behind time? Ans.—Because it is always at the tail of the race.

☞ Why are the departing beauties of an old maid like the wicked? Ans.—Because they flee when no man pursueth.

☞ Why are old bachelors like a pair of mended shoes? Ans.—Because they are half souled (sold).

☞ Why are married men like new shoes? Ans.—Because they are generally completely sold. Ha! Ha!

☞ Why are scientific lectures like the cords attached to window shades? Ans.—Because they raise the yawning.

☞ When may you be said to literally "drink in" music? Ans.—When you have a piano for-tea.

☞ Why should physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Ans.—Because they are more liable to see sickness.

Can you tell why
A hypocrite's eye
Can better descry
Than you or I
On how many toes
A pussy-cat goes?
A man of deceit
Can best count-er-feit;
And so, I suppose,
Can best count her toes!

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE.—Fare-well.

RECEIPTS.

Oyster Soup.—Beat to a paste the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs and three dozen of oysters together, in a marble mortar, with the liquor of the oysters strained. Mix three quarts of good stock and the pounded oysters, and stew them half an hour; then stir in one way the yolks of six raw eggs, well beaten, to thicken the soup, and pass it through a tammy, rubbing through the paste as much as possible, then add a dozen or two of oysters, bearded, seasoned with salt and pepper to taste, and simmer the soup five minutes to warm.

Oyster soup is very nice, prepared in the following way. Stew a knuckle of veal down to jelly, throw in a seasoning of celery, and when done, strain and set it away to cool. About an hour before your soup is wanted, skim the fat off, put the clear jelly in your oyster pan with pepper and salt, and the strained liquor from the oysters. Let it come to a boil, skimming it carefully. When clear, and up to boiling point, throw in the oysters and let the whole come to a boil as quick as may be. It must then be dished immediately, a few crackers having previously been broken into the tureen, or the oyster will shrivel.

We add to our hints for the Christmas table a receipt for best plum pudding, for the benefit of recent subscribers.

Roast Turkey.—Clean and stuff it the day before Christmas, rub the outside with vinegar, and hang it up until the next day. Make your dressing dry. Crumb the bread fine, enrich it with butter, or very sweet salt pork boiled a few minutes, and then taken out and chopped fine, season with pepper and salt, and a small quantity of sifted thyme or summer savory. Some persons like just a flavor of onion, but this is a matter of taste. Fill the turkey with the dressing, fold the wings, bend the legs to the sides, and fasten with an iron skewer. Before putting in the oven, rub the outside with butter or sweet dripping, and baste with its own gravy.

Pickled Oysters.—Take a hundred fine large oysters—set them over the fire in their own liquor—add two ounces of nice butter, and simmer them slowly for ten minutes; skimming them well; if they boil fast and long, they will become hard and shrivelled. Take them off the fire and strain from them their liquor; spread the oysters out on large dishes, and place them in the air to cool fast, or lay them in a broad pan of cold water. This renders them firm. Strain the liquor, and then mix with it an equal quantity of the best and purest clear cider-vinegar. Season (if the oysters are fresh,) with a small teaspoonful of salt, two dozen whole pepper-corns, and a tablespoonful of powdered mace and nutmeg mixed. Let the liquor boil till it is reduced to little more than enough to cover the oysters well. Put the oysters into a tureen, or a broad stone jar. Pour the hot liquor over them, and let them grow quite cold before they are eaten. You may give them a fine tinge of pale pink color by adding to the liquor (while boiling) a little prepared cochineal.

Mince-Pies.—A beef's heart, a half pound of beef-suet, chopped fine, three pounds minced apples, two of raisins, and two of currants, a quarter of a pound of citron, four nutmegs, a tablespoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, and a can of grape-juice, sealed up for this purpose when grapes are just turning from green to purple. Add also the gravy in which the heart was boiled.

Plum Pudding.—One pound of cut raisins, one of Zante currants, one of bread crumbs, half of suet chopped fine with two tablespoonfulls of flour; eight eggs, one quart of milk, one tea-cup of sugar, one nutmeg, four ounces of candied citron, same of lemon, tablespoon of clove powder. Boil gently four hours—and eat with rich sauce.